WINNIPESAUKEE

E. PALMER CLARKE

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01823 3350

58 on

GENEALOGY
974.2
C552W

WINNIPESAUKEE

A Potpourri

A CAMP ON LONG ISLAND

My woods are away from the road, and I suspect that those who come into them will be only those I shall want to see.

WINNIPESAUKEE

A Potpourri

E. PALMER CLARKE

1935

Copyrighted, 1935
by
E. Palmer Clarke

All Rights Reserved

FOR BUNNY

My Wife

CONTENTS

		Page
1.	Maple	11
2.	A Note on Long Island	16
3.	The Devil and General Moulton	21
4.	An Old House	27
5.	"The White Hills"	31
6.	Birch	35
7.	Hummingbirds at Holderness	40
8.	Little Pond	44
9.	Crawford's Bear Story	48
10.	Stoddard	53
11.	Three Farms	59
12.	The Judging Christ	64
13.	*Œneis Semidea*	70
14.	Salvation in Coos, A. D., 1851	74
15.	Two Bits	80
16.	In Praise of Old Things	86
17.	To the Ladies!	91
18.	Requiescat	97
19.	How the Mountains Were Named	106
20.	Great Oakes	114
21.	The Grunter	119
22.	In the Attic	129
23.	Long Island Folks	135
24.	A Hint to Vacationers	141
25.	Winnipesaukee	147

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. A Camp on Long Island facing page 3

My woods are away from the road, and I suspect that those who come into them will be only those I shall want to see.

2. An Old House facing page 27

And beside it, towering majestically, so that it seemed at once the highest living thing on the island, and the most noble, was as magnificent an elm as I have ever seen.

3. Little Pond facing page 44

A tall, old pine, standing alone, above an almost hopeless bramble of bracken and brier, halted our progress while we photographed in memory and on film that reflection our emergence onto the pond would banish.

4. The Profile facing page 64

Casola was told of a French Jesuit who had seen in the American wilderness a face, tranquil, majestic, divine, but terrible.

5. The Flume facing page 91

Discovered in 1808 by "Aunt Jess" Guernsey, then 94 years old.

6. A Letter from William Oakes, 1831 facing page 117

I have been trying to revivify the man from his letter. Here is a scientist interested in the Scriptures, and a reader of Fenelon.

7. Winnipesaukee 153

An Explanation and an Acknowledgement

These papers are attempts to capture on paper the many moods conjured during a long winter's remembering of a short summer's holiday on the shores of Lake Winnipesaukee and among the White Hills of New Hampshire. If, as my good friend, Maynard Peterson, suggested when I showed him the typescript, there is a nostalgic note in many of them, it is more that I have not tried to keep it out, less that I have put it in designedly. For, as Thomas Dreier remarked in quoting one of the papers in his little magazine, *The Vagabond,* my mind will persist in straying to Winnipesaukee. This in spite of the fact that my desk and duties are two hundred and fifty miles away.

My thanks are due to Colonel Frederick W. Prindle, the Editor and Publisher of *The Granite State News,* of Wolfeboro, for permission to reprint these papers in this form. Most of them have appeared in the columns of his paper during the past winter. Acknowledgement must be made, too, to my kind friends, Mrs. Alice B. Glover, of Newton Highlands, Massachusetts; Mrs. Lloyd W. Hamm, of the *News* Staff, of Wolfeboro; and the late Miss Alice Lakey, of Cranford, New Jersey, for their encouragement, without which I am sure I should not have continued writing. Charles Rufus Harte, of New Haven, Connecticut, loaned me several negatives from which the illustrations are made, and made for me the photographic reproductions of Isaac Sprague's drawings of The Profile and The Flume, and William Oakes' letter.

E. Palmer Clarke.

New Haven, August 15, 1935.

MAPLE

(For Thomas Dreier)

We were introduced to New Hampshire eight years ago, in the glory of a New Hampshire September, and for seven years, while the children were growing up to an age at which they could travel, we carried in our hearts the memories that brought us back last year, to know her more fully and to acquire as our own, a part of one of the Winnipesaukee islands not as yet too conscious of the ways of man.

Of those memories we carried with us during the intervening years, the maples; granite; the proud horn of Chocorua seen from the Swift River Intervale; Mount Washington, surpliced in snow and clouds; and the red austerity of the Great Stone Face, I want especially to emphasize the maples. For here, in a tree, is all that man requires of nature, save his meat and drink.

To the aesthete, for whom color is a challenge, the maple in every season is a delight. Even before its buds swell to their breaking point with spring greens the more tender branches seem to flow with blood, so red are they. In their greens it is not unusual here in the mountain country to find two or three shades on every tree. Here, too, in spring and summer when the utilitarian is delighting in the maple's rescuing shade, the aesthete, to whom

form is as important as color, finds in the maple's regularity a natural perfection—a symmetry unapproached save perhaps in the pines. The natural pruning that goes on every year in the northern woods, pruning by wind and sleet and snow seems far less deleterious to our New Hampshire maple than to any other tree. In the autumn, when the first chill nights pour from unseen tubes the various reds and golds that nature reserves for her finale, the maple benefits more than any other tree, and all the garish harmony of a Turner sunset cannot compete. No romancer, picturing in words or in colors the armies of the crusades marching on Jerusalem with their banners flying against the white walls pinked by a setting sun, can picture the simplicity or the grandeur of the parade of the maples up the hills, to where there are no trees, gorgeous in their colors, each leaf a pennant, each branch a radiant reminder that although gray days are to come, and white, in September there is a wealth of gold to be hoarded in the heart.

For the epicure, too, the maple has a gift, beyond and above the beauty with which always it entices the artist. In our memories of that first visit to New Hampshire there comes again and again the savory odor of sausages and griddle cakes with maple syrup. Nowhere, I think, does maple syrup taste so good as in the brisk air of New Hampshire. If her granite

adds to her water a flavor distinct beyond all other water, so does her maple syrup improve the griddle cake. Perhaps it was the blueberries we gathered and beat into the batter—perhaps it was the pungent birch smoke from the fire over which we cooked them, but I am more inclined to believe the maple's own tang made them taste so much better up there. It was not the maple syrup of the city store. It was the syrup that in a frosty spring morning was gathered in a pumpkin pine sap bucket, and boiled in an iron kettle in some New Hampshire kitchen—unadulterated save by the care of a farmer's wife who stirred into its brown depths pride in a job well done. No one objects to such an adulterant. And I am minded too, of the other maple delicacy, sugar, residue from the processes of syrup-making—and a royal feast. In it is energy for climbing mountains, or for hewing knotty logs, or for piling stones into those walls that bound our roadsides and our farms. Its lush delicateness magnifies the subtle flavor of the pecans imported from the south to our northern candy kitchens, and entices many a tourist to break the progression of mountain miles to feast—new gods at our Olympian table.

And the "leather aprons"—that rare delicacy of syrup on snow. There is a lady I know who now, many years after her New Hampshire girlhood, can taste them as she knew them in

the sap gatherings on her father's property. I talked only yesterday with a city man who had but just returned from a "sapping" with its associated syrup and snow party, his initiation into that northland rite. He marveled at the method of sap gathering, at the generosity of the maples which for three generations have been giving their sap in the spring, some trees to as many as five buckets, and the entire grove to a total of more than five hundred gallons of the best grade of syrup. It is of course due to that common denominator which made possible the bringing down to our own generation the old houses, the Stoddard glass, and the fine pieces of pine and maple furniture we find in New Hampshire—the common denominator of care—care through three generations of sapping; care which knows when enough sap has been taken from the tree and when to stop; care that will not squeeze out the last drop of sap (which would not make good syrup anyway) and so definitely harm the tree.

But it is when the maple accompanies us indoors that its reign as king begins. Trees die, or are cleared away to make room for buildings to house the men who kill or clear them. Maple syrup and maple sugar pass through chemical processes into their blood, leaving only the memory of their taste and with it a craving for more. The wise man, then, takes maple indoors with him. Its hard, light-colored, close

grained wood makes his floor, and oiled and waxed, assumes the mellow tint of age gracefully, and with an appreciativeness unique in itself. And on his maple floors he places his maple furniture, bird's-eye, with its highly polished knots, or curly, prized by cabinet-makers since America was young for its undulating fibres that need no filler.

I remember once, having made a doll's bed for my little girl, wanting to finish it to look like maple. It was ordinary white wood, but, because her own bed is maple, we wanted to match it for her doll. With a superiority born of ignorance of my subject, I went into a paint store and asked for a can of maple stain or varnish. The man behind the counter, a New Hampshireman, as friendly as those to be found everywhere there, preached a sermon in a sentence. "There is," he said, "no substitute for maple."

A NOTE ON LONG ISLAND

(*For Henry E. Allen*)

When I returned from a vacation in New Hampshire, filled with enthusiasm at the things I saw there and the people I met, and told how I intended buying a place on Winnipesaukee, I met with varied response. By far the most frequently asked question was, "Why go so far from home, especially since, for a while at least, you can go there only for two or three weeks in the year? It's too far for weekends unless a holiday falls so that you have three days instead of only Saturday and Sunday." There were other questions, and not a few slighting remarks when I explained that my place-to-be is on an island in the lake, a half-mile from the main road which serves the other folks on the island, remote from electricity, and, likely enough, unapproachable in winter. How explain?

There is the solitude of our island lodge, where our nearest neighbor is more than a mile away, and yet, where on separate afternoons we entertained, at one time seven, at another three, and at still another two, guests who thought enough of us to make the trip. All around us, for the property we had consists of seventy-five acres of woods, was the wildness that made some atavistic strain in my blood rejoice. In spite of warnings that we would be

visited by porcupines and skunks not one appeared. And on a trip of walking the bounds we found a colony of chipmunks, those delightful red ground squirrels that would have been, perhaps, as bad news to Robert Lamprey in the days when, a mile or two down the island road, he was raising prize corn on his acres, as skunks would have been to us. We found great amusement in their antics.

There are the trees; the pines, the oaks, the beeches, and especially the birch. No woodsman ever swung his axe in these acres, nor, from the bowlders, left in disarray on top of the ground and just beneath its surface by the retreat of the great ice blanket that scooped the bowl of Winnipesaukee, had any farmer ever toiled within our bounds.

There is the view from Harry Rivers' farm at Tip-Top, where the eye feasts the brain with a gorgeous panorama of water, woods and hills from sunrise to sunrise again. Than here, the stars were never brighter, nor was there need of thinking of them as a great electric sign in the Heavens proclaiming the glory that is God's. We accepted them for what they are, and for the joy they brought us.

There are the breezes that blow through the pines and the birch at night, urging sleep, and the heavier winds, almost of gale velocity, that sweep down suddenly from Belknap and across the lake, transforming its surface from the

calm of a mill pond to the intense fury of the Atlantic in an instant. Then, just before going to bed, we go out to the shore, and with our flashlights pick out the whitecaps that presage the storm of tomorrow. And in the morning we are awakened by the sun instead of the rain we had expected, and up from the surface of the lake the mist lifts slowly, under the sun's persuasion, disclosing suddenly a great blue heron on the far side of our cove, the leg of an unfortunate frog dangling from his bill like a ludicrous cigar from the mouth of a toothless old man.

There are the frogs in Little Pond. Amiable creatures, these, and as amusing. They seem thoroughly to enjoy our visits to their haunts, even if only for the excuse they give for them to dive with a chirp or a croak from the lily pads on which we, many times, have not even noticed them. And a second or two later they climb out of the water to another pad, a little more distant, and blink at us with a sly, amused expression that is almost an invitation to sit with them on their favorite pads. Would that we could!

There is the discovery, on a walk through the woods, of a patch of rattlesnake plantain, that daintily scented orchid, greenish white, whose infrequent appearance under pines and oaks is a reward to him who finds it. I have a dozen or so in my pool garden at home, but here, un-

expected, we find masses of them almost, it seems, too large to be real. Here, too, we find the lady's slipper. Driven to hide in remote and deep woods by the progression of cities on their native places, or eradicated by thoughtless people who see only the flowers and not the result of picking them wantonly, it was necessary to drive more than a hundred miles to find those plants that blossom in May and June in my pool garden. Arbutus, rarest of all spring flowers in our Connecticut woods, here forms a carpet for us as it must have done for the Indians who came here many years ago to bury their dead. And here, too, in great array, are many colored mushrooms and toad stools, curious things, and that ghost of flowers, the Indian Pipe. How many of our city dwellers know its queer waxen flower that hangs its head, ashamed of its life as a parasite?

But the more practical than I, the more gregarious—is there a lure for him here, too? The petty politician, who spends his every evening over a cigar discussing with other petty politicians our eventual emergence from our alphabetical daze, would not like it. The psuedo-economist, whose concern with the administration's vacillations to the right and left must be discussed before an appreciative audience to applaud his wisdom, would be bored. The would-be sophisticate, the want-to-be bohemian, the wish-I-were cosmopolitan, none of these would

stay over night, ears strained for the loon and the last goodnight of the frogs. Perhaps, in days to come, they will be there, for there is a plan on foot for a golf course and a large hotel on the island. But even then I shall be quite safe, for my woods are away from the road, and I suspect that those who come into them will be only those I shall want to see.

THE DEVIL AND GENERAL MOULTON

(*For Louis C. Clarke*)

The lore of a people, its epics and its sagas, reflects more truly the nature of their sons than do the houses and churches and town halls, still standing, through which they walked. As a boy I was more interested in seeing the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia because of the old story of "Ring, Grandfather, Ring!" than for its significance in history. Too, when I climb West Rock in New Haven to Judges' Cave, I find myself wondering whether perhaps the wraith of one of those regicide judges of Charles I may still be hiding in there, awaiting the visit of Mistress Sperry to say that his pursuers have gone to Middletown.

So it is when my eye falls on a map of New Hampshire and I see at the northern tip of Winnipesaukee the town of Moultonboro. A crossroads town on the highway toward the White Hills, settled in 1767 by General Jonathan Moulton and his colony of thirteen families from Hampton, it is here that legend sets a remarkable episode of the past, those early days in colonial history when an almost universal belief in practitioners of black magic and witchcraft was as common a subject for conversation as Squire Emerson's new horse, or the Elder's sermon on Sunday. And, strangely

enough, though he was a man of considerable resource and courage, the legend concerns none other than Jonathan Moulton, who, consumed by an energetic passion for exterminating from his grant the Indians whose hunting ground it once had been, was equally possessed of a desire for riches.

It was, so the story goes, a natural distaste for his mercantile ventures, and the necessity for earning his money slowly, through trade, that led him in an evil hour to give vent to a declaration of willingness to sell his soul for sudden and unbounded wealth. Late at night, alone by his fireside, with his counting-box on his knee and the few gold coins resulting from a late venture clinking within, Jonathan, probably mindful only of the color of the gold and the sound of its music, reached down at his feet for his rum, and looked up to find standing beside him, clothed in velvet, a man only whose cloven hoof identified him. Not even his ruffles nor his collar were sooted, though surely he had come down the chimney and through the fire.

He spoke first. "Is it a bargain, General?" he asked, "Speak quickly, for in fifteen minutes I am due in Portsmouth." Now, Portsmouth is, roughly, some seventy miles from Moultonboro, and more than fifteen minutes today in any car, over very much better roads than Jonathan's oxen or Squire Emerson's horses were

driven in 1770. His intention and apparent ability to keep his appointment confirmed Jonathan's belief that his visitor was none other than the devil himself. "Come, General, come, is it a bargain?" No longer afraid, now that the identity of the stranger was established, Jonathan began to whittle. He would not be rushed into an agreement without proof of the other's ability to perform. While he whittled, Satan pared his nails. Carefully, with characteristic shrewdness, Jonathan demanded proof. Willingness itself, with a movement full of grace, His Majesty slowly ran his fingers through his hair, and instantly a shower of golden coins tumbled to the floor. Poor Jonathan! How many long years of arduous toil were represented in this flood of guineas! Eagerly, avariciously, without consideration of their source he hurried to gather in the coins. Hot from Hell, the first one he touched seared his flesh, and drawing hastily back, it took much persuasion from his guest before he again made the attempt. Then, trying its ring and finding it true, he lost no time in seeking out even the most hidden coin. Pronouncing his satisfaction complete, over glasses of Old Jamaica Jonathan and his guest set about their business.

From somewhere in his vestments His Majesty drew forth a parchment. In legal terms it was their common bond, and Satan read, "In solemn agreement duly signed and sealed, you

engage to deliver your soul to me forever. On my part, I promise to deliver, on the first day of every month, enough guineas of gold, of like quality to these, to fill your boots." And, as he smoothed the parchment and opened the inkhorn, he pointed an admonishing finger at Jonathan and added, with a grim smile, "And mark me well, General, no tricks, or you will repent it. I know you well, and will keep an eye on you." With this he dipped the pen, handed it to Moulton, and pointing to a blank space, thundered "Sign!"

Jonathan hesitated. In his soul he doubted his ability to keep the bargain, and he shivered at the consequences. But when he saw his guest, enraged at his hesitation, pocketing the gold piled on the table, it was too much, and with a quick swallow of rum for courage, he signed. "Done," said Satan, and was away.

In the morning, when the shock of his visitation of the night before had dissipated Jonathan went through the village in search of the largest and highest boots to be found there. He gave as excuse that one of his hogs had wandered into a bog and become enmired there. A neighbor had a pair of trooper's boots, and was astonished when Jonathan showed himself disposed to buy them for gold instead of borrowing them. "Fancy," he must have thought, "buying a pair of boots to rescue a hog." (Perhaps it was this very neighbor who is respon-

sible for the story, and there really was a hog in the bog.) At any rate, since the contract merely specified boots, and since these came nearly to his waist, Jonathan went away pleased.

Satan lived up to his contract. Moulton rolled in gold. Gradually he divorced himself from his trading, and yet, to all outward appearances was constantly adding to his wealth. Slowly his neighbors changed in their attitudes toward him from envy to aversion to fear, until at last it was rumored that he was in league with the Devil. Nor did Moulton care. He had his gold—he needed not his neighbors.

One first day when Satan came as usual to fill the boots he found to his astonishment they would not fill. He poured in the gold, but he might as well have tried to drain Winnipesaukee with a teacup. At length, puzzled by an obstacle to his success, he attempted to descend the chimney to investigate. But his progress was suddenly halted and he found himself standing, still in the chimney, on a pile of gold. The covetous Moulton had cut the soles from his boots, leaving only the legs for the Devil to fill. Below, the room was full of gold.

That night Moulton dreamed he was burning in Hell. He awoke to find the house in flames, and escaped, clad only in his shirt. The house, with his guineas hidden in the wainscot, between the walls, in the cellar, was a total loss.

For a while he fumed and tore his hair, and then, remembering that gold, melted, runs together, he grew calmer in the belief that when the ashes cooled he would find his gold all in one lump in the cellar. The next day he began his search. Expectantly, patiently, he moved debris and charred rafters and studs, sifted ashes, and sought in every corner for a gleam of the gold. He worked alone, refusing all offers of aid for fear that he would have to share his find. But it was all in vain. The gold had vanished.

Soon after the tragedy Jonathan Moulton died. The rumors concerning his dealings with the Devil outlived him and circulated. To quiet them his grave was opened and his coffin raised. When the lid was pried off, it was found filled with stones. Jonathan Moulton's body had disappeared!

Such is the story as I heard it over a cigar and a glass of port. We had been discussing the men who built this country. I have read it since in Drake, and in a condensed version elsewhere. I tell it again because it seems too integral a part of the Lake Region lore to be forgotten, and each new telling of these legends reaches a new group, some one of whom may later pass it along as I have.

AN OLD HOUSE

And beside it, towering majestically, so that it seemed at once the highest living thing on the island, and the most noble, was as magnificent an elm as I have ever seen.

AN OLD HOUSE

(*For Alice B. Glover*)

One of the most fascinating things about the Winnipesaukee region, about all New Hampshire, too, for that matter, but particularly about the lake, is the number of old houses one passes while driving or walking. Silent evidence of the integrity with which their builders built, of the soundness of the wood they chose, of the painstaking care and respect not only they themselves, but their children, and, largely, their children's children had for property, these houses today present sound roof-trees and solid sills. And those transients who, having heard the siren call of New Hampshire, are buying these old houses for summer homes appreciate those early builders and their careful sons.

This is not to say that all old houses in New Hampshire are sound. But one drives for many miles in the lake region and in the hill country before finding a deserted cellar hole or a house left alone to tumble in, a pitiful dead thing, or dying, like a leper. Nor is it a great distance from New Hampshire, in a sister New England state, that the roadside is dotted with just such forlorn spectacles. We were discussing that the other day, and I suggested as the answer that perhaps these deserted houses were too near to industrial centers, that having found the

soil too unyielding, too filled with rocks, that the early owners had heeded the call of industry and gone away from agriculture to machines. Up here, where industry is largely confined to four or five cities, the vicissitudes and rigors of the climate hardened the moral fibre of the people, and while the life of a farmer was not easy, and the ownership of acreage entailed in addition to raising his crop, the eternal wrestling with granite rocks and bowlders cast up by the frost, and the everlasting fight to keep the forest down in his tillable acres, he stuck to his plow longer, and his sons and grandsons followed him in his house, building on when new members of his family demanded the room, repairing the inroads that our northern winters made, until today, most of the old houses are a monument to their families, and a joy to those who, while appreciative of modern conveniences yet cherish these sign-posts along America's journey forward.

I am minded as I think of old houses, of one on a hill on Long Island. It is situated off the road, sufficiently far so that the dust in summer is not a problem, in the center of a meadow sweet with buttercups and white-weed and Queen Anne's lace and milk-weed; a meadow where we found gay butterflies and humming bees that August afternoon its delightful chatelaine took us there. On us, as we stood on its porch, the Ossipee smiled, and from all about

it Winnipesaukee sparkled in a blue surpassed not even by the sky from which she took it. Beside it, towering majestically, so that it seemed the highest living thing on the island, and the most noble, was as magnificent an elm as I have ever seen. Peace, contentment, quiet, all that the soul most wished for, seemed to put out their arms from every window, begging one come in, or to loaf in pleasure about the grounds outside. Only my car was an anachronism, everything else belonged, most especially our hostess.

And after we had feasted to surfeit outside, we went in. One having been there will never forget the sense of home about the place, a sense that no city house, no matter how long it may have been lived in, will ever give. For here, within as without, everything belongs. There is the great central chimney, serving three fireplaces; the long rows of books beside the fire in the living-room; the huge beds, in which at night one must sink to rest and a sleep more filled with Peace than ever elsewhere. And if, in making her home here, my gracious hostess replace the drab old bricks in the fireplaces with quartz crystals gathered in the fields about the house, who shall say the spirit of this house is harmed? For surely, at night when the flames in these fireplaces leap upward in a thousand facets to simulate the jewels Ali Baba found in his cave, surely no one then could wish back the red bricks.

Beyond the living-room is the carriage shed, a part of the house, whose rafters are hung with bats. They too, belong. And in its loft, a confine too small to permit its display, is a loom, remnant of the early days of home industry whose products, rough to be sure, were more than serviceable. And on the doorsill, whence one in the morning greets the rising sun, is nailed a compass, brass studs pointing true north. How long they have been there I do not know, but like the house itself, they have weathered winters and summers, lo, these many years.

I am told that when winter comes, and Winnipesaukee is frozen, that the smile of the Great Spirit yet remains, that from this hill and from this house it sparkles with a different radiance. I am told too, that when the snow comes, great flakes dance down from the Ossipees, from the Green Mountains even, swept by the wind across the hill on an almost never ending journey toward the sea. This, I have not seen.

But this I know: that houses, like coins and authors, grow dear as they grow old, and New Hampshire has many that are of great price. From the look of peace on her face as she spoke of this old house, I know that old as it is, and as dear, it will continue to be new, for its mistress is the sort who gathers in new friends. Their pleasure in her house will make each charming old corner new to her again.

"THE WHITE HILLS"

(*For Cornelius Weygandt*)

A friend of mine from Louisiana, with whom I corresponded for thirteen years before we met, on his first visit to the northeast told me that the most remarkable discovery he had made on his trip was the closeness of the towns to each other. Particularly did he marvel at the seventy old miles between New York City and New Haven, where he visited me, seventy miles which have along them twenty-one towns. He explained his surprise by saying that he was accustomed to going from New Orleans, the largest city in Louisiana, to Shreveport, the next in size, taking nearly all day to make the trip and seeing on the way almost no towns at all.

I wish that he might one day visit the lake region of New Hampshire, make the circle of Winnipesaukee, by boat certainly, but most especially by automobile, and see the changing scene of the baker's dozen of towns that guard its shores. And then, having acclimated him to the clear blue waters of Winnipesaukee, and made him familiar with my own paradise on one of her wooded islands, I should like to take him over the hill in Center Harbor to Holderness, past Squam, and, circling Red Hill, show him the Sandwiches. Then we would return to our island and I would give him to read, far into

the night, Cornelius Weygandt's book "The White Hills." Having given him this book I would know better than to call him early in the morning, for long after the bull frog on his pad in Little Pond had ceased his basso profundo, he would have been reading. It is that sort of book.

I rather suspect that Cornelius Weygandt needs no introduction to the lake region. A professor at the University of Pennsylvania, he has long enough been a summer resident of Sandwich, not only to have acquired the minutiae of the lake region lore that fill his book, but to have become part of the lore by having delivered, on at least two occasions, the Old Home address in Sandwich. He is evidently a professor with a penchant for hills, for I find listed among his publications volumes also on the Red Hills and on the Wissahickon Hills. But it is not as a cold, matter-of-fact guide that he points out the White Hills.

Here he introduces that delightful old rogue, Uncle Sam, of Sandwich. Sam, who knew more than he told of the rum which turned to water; Sam, who by prodigious strength lofted his hay before the rain soaked it to ruin it. Here the simple chore of going for the milk becomes a walk of exciting beauty. Here is examined for us an old diary, and we see the love affair of a schoolmaster in the early days of New Hampshire unfold, putting to rout the

modern notions of the Puritan who built these lake towns, and to shame the too-greatly descended sons and daughters of that old stock. Here, too, we find some pleasure in the skunk even, and if, in his joy at finding by a deserted cellar hole a rose still blooming, he take it away, who shall deny him the pleasure of replanting it in his own yard?

Nor does Professor Weygandt forget Winnipesaukee. Here is a chapter on the logging on the lake. And he has seen the Squam eagles soar and pitch and soar again. Chocorua, proud Indian whose death on one of its ledges is among the legends of the true alp bearing his name, appears, and Ethan Allen Crawford climbs again his beloved Mount Washington.

My friend from Louisiana might not share with me the wish that Professor Weygandt had examined old General Jonathan Moulton's dealings with the devil, or the twelve apostles, each in a plug hat, with frock coats, and walking sticks, in a Wolfeboro house. But that would only be because he does not know of them. I shall tell him, and we will hope together that one day Professor Weygandt may leave Sandwich, and come down the lake shore through Moultonboro and Melvin, Tuftonboro and Ossipee to Wolfeboro, meeting on the way Samuel Nowell, General Moulton, Josiah Bartlett, and old Peleg Simpson, and perhaps recapturing for too brief a time on paper The

Lady of the Lake and her race with the Mount Washington.

Some years ago I visited some friends in Philadelphia, and they, for the first time, because I insisted, saw the Liberty Bell. It was only at the behest of a visiting friend while I was resident in Hartford that I saw for the first time the first Constitution written in America. A New York friend had never walked across Brooklyn Bridge until I told him that I wanted to do so. So it is the world over. Perhaps in New Hampshire some are too tired of the everlasting pulling of the granite from furrows to appreciate, as did one New Hampshireman, its integrity. A farm boy, he carved his initials on a bowlder in his father's field. Years took him far, and he forgot much in learning new things until, one day, a man on vacation visiting his boyhood home, he went up into that field, grown over now. There, split by a sapling, he found the bowlder he remembered, and there, moss-filled, but there, he found his initials. It was granite.

"The White Hills" is for New Hampshire men and women. It is of that same granite—and of its people—and of its delightful towns, unspoiled by progress—yet important to progress, for in its pages may be found the reason why we, strangers at first, return to call it home.

BIRCH

(For Mrs. Lloyd Hamm)

There came into my possession the other day a copy of the Rev. Benjamin G. Willey's, "Incidents in White Mountain History." Dated 1856, this old book must have passed into many hands before its arrival on the shelf over my desk that I have set apart for the gradually growing library of White Mountain literature that eventually will be housed in my Long Island lodge. Somewhere along its journey to my bookshelf, long enough ago so that on four of its pages the very grain is ineradicably impressed, a former reader or owner of this book inserted two pieces of birchbark, large as the pages themselves, and paper thin. I think they do not mark a place unfinished in the reading of this New Hampshire classic, for they come, not at the end of a chapter, but one, in the very center of Willey's exciting account of Lovewell's battle with Paugus at the pond since commemorated by Lovewell's name; and the other, further along, marking forever the account of Mr. David Austin's encounter with a pack of ferocious wolves near Shelburne. No reader marked his place with birchbark. Rather someone to whom birch meant something, whose memories when he was to see often and again these two pieces of birchbark, were to return to the tree

from which they were taken, slipped them into these pages as many another has pressed a rose or a violet. It would be a sacrilege indeed to remove the bark now.

A friend of mine in Connecticut, pointing out with pride the trees he has planted about his house in his first escape into landscaping, showed the tenderest feelings toward a birch. Five years old at that time, he had brought it, hardly more than a seedling, to his home, and it had lived and grown, until, on the day we were there, it was just beginning to show that whiteness that makes the birch as distinctive and ornamental a tree as we have. From its prolificacy it has received from the farmer the reputation of weed tree, and like the wild cherry, and black alder, and other roadside and pasture trees, its progress is halted soon by him who as a part of his farming must keep the forest back. But in those places where trees belong nothing adds more to the beauty of the landscape than the birch.

Why? Picture the blue of Winnipesaukee, whipped by a light breeze that comes down from the hills which hold it, so that every ripple sparkles in the sun, or later in the afternoon, when it takes the gold from the sun over Belknap, and makes that gold its own. Who, having such a picture, would frame it in black or sullen grey? Such a picture deserves, requires, the silver of the birch. Or ride along

that back road from Sandwich to Holderness, back of Red Hill, and observe through another birch frame Red Hill reflected in the evening calm of Squam. There is a magnificent birch frame, too, for the grim, bare horn of Chocorua in the lake at its base, just beyond old Tamworth Iron Works, and for many of the most charming lake or mountain prospects that line our New Hampshire roadsides.

That birch has its significance to the visitor to our north woodlands is indicated by the inevitable scars on every tree. Generous beyond all other trees in the way it sheds its coat, no other tree has been subjected to so severe a mauling at the hands of the extra-state traveller. Wide bands of darkened bark, varying from two inches to two feet in height, shout from the trees along our roadsides where souvenir napkin rings and bracelets, or picture frames and canoes once grew. And yet, the tree grows on, and with the years puts on another coat for a new generation of travellers to peel.

When Autumn comes, and the first frost, the birch is almost the first to feel the cold. Then for a few brief days, its glossy green leaves which only yesterday shone in the sun like silver, yellow and drop off, to weave a golden pattern through the maple's red carpet, leaving the tree in unashamed nude grace ready for its winter cloak of ermine. Nor does it want for

long, for here, in New Hampshire, our snows are early and often deep and lasting. Then it is that the birch receives its training. Heavy wet snow tries its fibre, and sleet is like Ulysses returned to his own bow. The birch bends slowly, gracefully, under winter's weight; seldom, except it be an untried sapling, struggling with a burden only the pine should have to bear, or the oak, breaking under the strain. And when under the persuasion of a returned sun, warm with spring, this bow releases about it all the ice arrows in its winter quiver, and new sap runs again, the traveller returning to our hills and lakes finds the birch bent cordially toward him, its arms outstretched in welcome.

In cabinet work birch seldoms comes to us under its own name, not because of any fault of its own, but through misapprehension or misunderstanding on the part of the large scale manufacturer for his prospective client. Its fine, hard, close-grained wood is made to masquerade as walnut or mahogany and into its pores is poured the colors of those more expensive woods. Yet many times the handsome grain of birch excels the less attractive wood it purports being. When this is more commonly appreciated perhaps we shall go farther afield for one of our present roadside delights.

Aside from serving as a frame to pleasant vistas, my own memory of birch is largely centered in the pungent odor of its burning. Perhaps there is another fuel as delightful as the birch that filled our woodhouse, whose knots were such a task to our axes, and whose blue smoke from our stove in the kitchen announced the meals that walking through the woods or rowing to Cow Island made so welcome. Perhaps there is another fuel over which we can fry our bacon and eggs or broil our fish, and have them taste so "woodsy," so remote from city streets and traffic noise. Perhaps there is another fuel whose odor in our fireplace will make us forget the foulness of city home oil burners, the smoke from even the best of which makes grimy the snow in the city.

No, I shall not remove the birchbark from my Willey. For I, too, have memories it brings back. I read only yesterday of a camp in Maine whose library is filled with books bound in birchbark. What an idea! But what a place to have them. Rather shall I equip my library with books regularly bound, in calf, morrocco, or buckram, reminders of the good in the city, and leave my birchbark to frame my lake, the name of which Starr King so delightfully translates as "Pleasant Water in a High Place."

HUMMINGBIRDS AT HOLDERNESS

(*For Herbert C. Keith*)

We sat the other evening lost in wonderment at the illusions created for us by the king of magicians. From his exploits in bloodless vivisection to the facility with which from nowhere at all he produced fountains of real water, we enjoyed every one of his amazing prestidigitations until we proved by our applause at the end, the truth of the statement, "It's fun to be fooled." Less spectacular than many of his other feats, but not less amusing, was the one in which, after placing an ordinary incandescent lamp in a table lamp, he took from a cage a live canary, wrapped it in paper, and inserted the tiny package, bird and all, into the muzzle of a specially designed pistol. When a shot was fired toward the lighted lamp we saw the light go out, and when, almost immediately, the stage lights came on, we discovered the canary inside the glass of the bulb, so well sealed within that it was necessary to break the glass to release the bird from his prison. Such is the marvel of magic! It's fun to be fooled!

But I am minded tonight of another sort of magic; one not requiring quite the same strain on our credibility, yet one which left us amazed, not so much at what we saw as at what we heard. It is the story of the hummingbirds at Holderness.

The hummingbird is not, as is commonly supposed, a rare bird, but the speed with which he travels, and the incessant moving about that he does in gathering his meals of honey and aphids and plant lice have helped to give him a reputation for rarity that belies the fact. Which is why what we saw at Holderness is so memorable that I write about it tonight.

We had been invited for dinner by a friend who had made the tortuous and circuitous half-mile trip along our driveway to our lodge, and had been rewarded at the end by the antics of an eagle pursued by a pair of hawks. To make a day of it, we drove up through the Crawford Notch to give the children their first glimpse of grim old Washington, across to Twin Mountain, and down through Franconia, stopping on the way for a scramble through the awful gorge of Lost River. So that when we finally climbed the hill to the grounds of the Asquam House, where in one of the cottages on the side of the hill overlooking Squam Lake our host awaited us, all the purple glory of an August sunset hung about Red Hill and the Sandwich Mountains to the north and east. Already the mists were rising along the surface of Squam and White Oak Pond, and in the valley the pines on Red Hill were an indistinct mass. Chocorua's horn, now more majestic in its purple than when we had seen it in the morning, its aged bald pate exposed to a

ruthless sun, commanded our eyes from the porch where dinner was served. Nor would we have forsaken Chocorua until darkness forced it, had it not been for the hummingbirds.

In the midst of our conversation, seeking to catch in memory the last glories of the sunset, I looked toward the distant hills, and saw no further than the post of the porch. There, gathered about a small vial were five, six, hummingbirds, undisturbed by our presence. Poised in mid-air, their wings constantly moving to keep them there, they were drinking, long and deep from the tiny bottle. At every post there was a similar feeding station, and every post had its feathered bar-flies. Here truly was magic, for my previous experience with these small birds had been solely to know them from my back porch as they sipped the sweet liquor from the honey-suckle, thirty feet away. Now there was less than ten feet in distance, and twelve of us, and there were thirty birds.

Inquiries—of course. In Nature, unlike theatrical magic, it's more fun to know. We were told that the vials were filled with sweetened water. Brown sugar, or honey, dissolved in ordinary water attracted the birds every hour of the day, so much, in fact, that it was necessary to replenish the supply in each bottle as many as four and five times a day. From early summer until early fall they came. Nearby,

in the older trees, where knots and lichens aided to conceal them, were their nests, so harmoniously a part of the limbs they straddled that they were quite incapable of being found.

This, then, is the magic of Holderness that I remembered the other night when I thought I saw a canary shot into an incandescent lamp. I shall want again to go to that cottage above Squam and see the delicate hummingbirds from Central America, New Hampshire's smallest summer residents, feeding from homeopathic vials of synthetic honey. And even though I know the secret by which they are attracted, the profundity of the mystery still remains. How do they get there from so far?

LITTLE POND

(*For Burdett S. Adams, M. D.*)

Back of and bounding for a distance what is roughly the west of the property we occupied this summer, a part of which is to be our own, is a small arm of Winnipesaukee, called on one map, "Little Pond." Its connection with the lake is negligible, so choked with the white sand one finds in spots on the lake shore as to be almost impossible of navigation, even in a canoe. Yet we made the effort, and after poling with our paddles, rather than dipping them, we emerged on the scarcely much deeper water of Little Pond. The average boy of twelve could, I suppose, throw a baseball across this mirror. I suppose, too, that a pebble from an ordinary sling-shot in that boy's hand could travel the length of the pond and go part way town the tortuous inlet through which we poled our way before dropping into the pickerel weed that hindered our progress. And yet there are three things—no, four—that make me want to pole those two or three hundred feet again and again.

First, and these are not given in any order of preference, for I should find myself hard put to say which is the stronger lure, there is the tall, old pine on the right shore, close enough to the water to be reflected there for its entire length, a remarkable isosceles triangle

LITTLE POND

A tall, old pine, standing alone, above an almost hopeless bramble of bracken and brier, halted our progress while we photographed in memory and on film that reflection our emergence onto the pond would banish.

on a pole, quite as some queer modernist would draw it, and yet as beautiful as only nature can make it. Now, in December, I picture it tufted with snow, or unloading its whiteness onto the frozen pond under the harsh persuasion of the wind that sweeps across Winnipesaukee from Belknap and over the reaches between Rattlesnake and Cow Islands, and up the inlet. But in August no ice interrupted the reflection in the pond, no snow paled the magnificent greenness or bowed the graceful arch of its branches. Standing alone, above an almost hopeless bramble of bracken and brier, its stately solitude halted our progress while we photographed in memory and on film that reflection our emergence onto the pond itself would banish.

Second, the lavish displays of the American lotus, the yellow waterlily, and third, the equalby lavish sweet-scented white waterlilies. From our entrance on the pond we could see along the shore and for some distance toward its center on all sides, row on row of these flowers, probably only occasionally seen by men, and then only because some instinct led them to walk through the woods to the shore of Little Pond. For Little Pond, unless one is a guest on our property, is not especially easy of access. To gain its shore from the road requires climbing over dead trees, and stooping low to go under trees that are dying; moss-covered rocks and

bowlders, silent witnesses of the potency of the glacial ages that made New Hampshire so enticing a spot, betray the less sure of foot. The effort those barriers require is repaid in full, however, with the glimpse of the pond, now an emerald green, flashing its yellow and white fires in the sun, now, because we are seeing the blue sky reflected, more like an aquamarine. To paddle lazily among the pads, delighting in the fragrance, in the hum of the dragon-fly, in the eccentricity of the frogs who people the pond in millions singing the most superb Siberian bass, or chirping in the higher reaches, beyond the most famous of coloraturas, is to be at once at home with the fabled lotus-eaters, and Alice in Wonderland.

But exciting beyond these all, I think, was the fourth. I have seen pines growing in majestic surroundings before. My own garden pool at home boasts rare waterlilies—and I know a lake where the natives grow even more abundantly than in Little Pond. But it was while I lay back in the canoe, enjoying the warm sun burning its way into my blood that I saw an eagle soar. He came from a tree on the edge of the pond, a tree we had been watching for several days because its distinctive coating of white marked it as the lookout point of some huge bird. He came from a tree—and it seemed as though he lifted himself beyond all thought of earth. Surely there was nothing

earthly in the grace with which he climbed, and with no apparent exertion clung to the rafters of Heaven, or wheeled to soar almost to its roof-tree. I know that in an aviary, where his talons and beak may be examined closely, there is nothing the American continent produces in feathers that seems more grim, more hateful, than the eagle. I suppose, having heard tales of his raids, that were I a farmer with a proud chicken run, I should hesitate to applaud the marauder. But there, on Little Pond that August afternoon, the grimness disappeared before ever I saw him take off toward the sun, and in his talons was no hen.

Yes, I shall pole up that shallow, winding inlet to Little Pond, again, again, and again. I shall stop breathless in amazement at the pine reflected there as I enter its water, fill my nostrils with the scent of the waterlilies there, and lie back and hope to see that eagle soar. In those few days I shall forget the press of sidewalks, the roar of traffic, the jangle of the telephone, and the dissonance of commerce. Perhaps, some day, having watched my eagle carefully, I, too, shall soar as he does. That accomplished, unless it be to Little Pond, try to get me down again! I dare you!

CRAWFORD'S BEAR STORY

(*For Maynard W. Peterson*)

Lucy Howe, wife of Ethan Allen Crawford, wrote and published in 1846, a small book called "The History of the White Mountains, from the first Settlement of Upper Coos and Pequaket." Of the first edition's two hundred and four pages, a scant eight are devoted to her history of the settlement of the mountain counties, and the remainder form, apparently, Ethan's *apologia pro sua vita,* dictated it may be presumed, by Crawford himself to his wife. It is an interesting book, and ranks as the first of the classics in the literature of the White Mountains. It is valuable, too, for the insight it gives of the life of Crawford, his numerous trials and handicaps, and the patient pioneering he did in opening Mount Washington and the Notch which bears his family name to visitors from other parts. The mountains would have been opened eventually, and there would eventually have been the hotels in the Notch that annually now serve hundreds of tourists. But to undertake the work of cutting trails and accommodating travellers under the conditions of the early 1800's was another matter, and Crawford really earned his wife's tribute, quoted from Edward Young's "Night Thoughts" in her introduction:

"Pygmies placed on Alps are Pygmies still,
And Pyramids are Pyramids in vales."

The name Willey also is forever associated with this region by reason of the disastrous slide that on August 28th, 1826, destroyed the family of Samuel Willey, Jr. No writer of a White Mountain book has neglected to include a page devoted to this tragedy, and when later the mountain, down whose slopes the means of their deaths was precipitated, was renamed Mount Willey, an everlasting monument was secured to the family name.

Old Samuel Willey, father of the man who was killed in the slide, was one of the pioneers in Upper Coos. He came to Bartlett from Lee, and later bought an original right in North Conway, where he lived as an independent farmer until his death, on June 14th, 1844, at the age of ninety-one, the last original male inhabitant of the town.

While Lucy Crawford's book is largely devoid of humor, and contains little in the way of anecdote beyond the usual daily occurrences at the Crawford House, there is one exciting bear story, told of Samuel Willey the elder, and James, his eldest son, that I want to repeat here. Perhaps I should call it "Willey's Bear Story," but because the words are Crawford's I chose the title given above. I suspect the episode took place while Mr. Willey was still resident in Bartlett.

"Owing to the scarcity of provisions among the early settlers and the vigilance of the hunters, moose and deer soon became scarce; but bears remained numerous for a long time, and are yet (1845) somewhat plenty. These animals often proved an intolerable nuisance to the farmers, destroying their sheep, hogs and other creatures. One night in the summer of 1800, Mr. Willey was waked from his bed by the noise of his sheep running furiously by his house. Springing from bed to a window, he discovered by the light of the moon an enormous bear in close pursuit of them. Calling his eldest son, then a stout lad of fourteen years, they sallied forth with their gun, and nothing on but their night clothes, to pursue this fell destroyer. By this time the sheep had made a turn and were coming pell mell toward the house with the bear at their heels. Secreting themselves a moment until the sheep had passed, Mr. Willey sprang forth with his gun to salute his ursalean majesty. Old Bruin stopping to see what his ghostly visitor meant, was instantly fired at and severely wounded. Mr. Willey and his boy, with their axes, offered him a closer combat and he readily accepted the challenge. After two or three charges they considered it the better part of valor to retreat to the house, which they did, closely pursued by the bear. While they were in the house reloading their gun, the enraged animal went

round to a back window, through which he endeavored to enter the house, to be revenged of his antagonists. The room adjoining being dark, and Mrs. Willey supposing the bear to be on the other side of the house, in attempting to look out through the window, put her head within a few inches of his nose. On discovering her perilous situation, she gave one of those piercing female shrieks which make the welkin ring, and fell back on the floor. By this time they had reloaded their gun and now issued forth to renew the combat. But owing to the bad state of the powder, they were unable to fire the gun again. Perceiving the bear to be gaining strength, and now showing signs of an intention to retreat to the woods, after a moment's consultation they determined to make another desperate effort to kill him with their axes. Mr. Willey, after receiving strong assurances from his boy that he would stand by him, approached the bear a second time, and by one well directed blow on his head, felled him to the ground."

In repeating the story, Benjamin G. Willey, another son, adds in his brother's words:

"This was a remarkable bear for size and boldness. He measured fourteen inches between his ears, was nine feet long from his nose to his tail. Though lean, he weighed seventy-five pounds a quarter. It was judged at the time that, if he had been fat, he would have weighed

six hundred pounds. Instead of travelling in the woods, as most do, when he went from place to place he travelled in the public highway. On the very night in which my father had the encounter with him and killed him, he was met by a man on horse-back, on the main road."

There is no moral to point, no ornament to add to this simple classic of the early days in Upper Coos. We live in safety today because of men like Willey, and climb the peaks of the Presidential Range because of pioneers like Crawford. I often wonder, if they were to come back, with the choice of remaining a while or going again to the place where they are now, which would be their choice. Willey might appreciate the paucity of bears, but I wonder whether Crawford would be as happy with the crowds who climb about his mountain.

"STODDARD"

(*I. M. Mrs. Morris Tiffany*)

I have an aunt, a most delightful lady, who, by her own admission, is given, as her most unique idiosyncracy, to speaking with facile authority on whatever may be the topic at hand. Whether the conversation be on music, of which she has a little more than surface knowledge, or on medicine, where her experience is limited to fleeting memories of such pre-digested mentions as she may have read somewhere, she takes an active part in the discussion, and we love her for it.

It is with something of that family characteristic that I approach Stoddard glass. My experience is relatively brief; my knowledge limited by, so to speak, what I have read in papers on the subject, and they, unfortunately, are nearly as limited in scope as the pieces of Stoddard glass are limited in quantity. But of the tangibilities of New Hampshire that one apart from her lakes and hills can gather to himself for winter enjoyment, Stoddard glass is as satisfying a medium as any other, except perhaps unless he collect the books that, from John Josselyn's in 1672 to Cornelius Weygandt's in 1934, make up a library of White Mountain literature. They who do not have room for a vast collection of books will find the Stoddard glass even more delightful when glass

shelves are used across the windows, and the sun shines through the bottles and flasks and inkwells or other pieces, lighting the sea-greens and browns and ambers with which they were colored in Stoddard and Keene in the first three or four decades of the last century.

For there was something about our New Hampshire sand that clouded when, as metal, the glass was poured into the double or three-mold forms or was gathered on the end of a blow-pipe for the less ornate bottles that were, when completed, to hold the Shaker syrup that was almost a universal cure-all in the '40's. And so, in order to perpetuate the business, colors were added, sea-greens and browns, for only under such a disguise could the cloudiness be hidden and the bottles sold for packages. Such "clear" Stoddard as I have seen has a bluish tinge, like the blueness of the mist over Winnipesaukee early on an August morning. Glass of this sort, less bubbly than the colored specimens, was made into table-ware. There are pinched-lipped pitchers, and the once popular casters, that came usually in sets of four, for vinegar and oil, and salt and pepper. What earlier dining-room was without one? Then, too, in this same "clear" Stoddard were open salt dishes and some of the better flasks and decanters.

Stoddard is a generic term today, denoting the type of glass which was made either in Stod-

dard or Keene. It has become as synonymous with this sort of glass as Sandwich for the pressed glass of the sort that was originally made on Cape Cold. Some of the glass from New Jersey or Western Pennsylvania or Ohio resembles Stoddard, but it is fairly safe to assume that the glass of that type found in New Hampshire, and Maine and Vermont was made at either Stoddard or Keene. In addition, there is frequently the hall-mark which distinguishes a piece beyond all doubt. "Keene" or "Keen" without the final e often may be found on a flask or bottle, and "Stoddard, N. H." marks many things made there.

My inkwell is brown, and, held to the light, very bubbly. It is about two and three-quarters inches in diameter, and about one and seven-eighths inches high. From the top down its side it is covered with a hobnail design in a diamond pattern to within half an inch of the bottom, and below this pattern to the bottom with vertical, parallel lines. The top from the edge toward the center for half an inch has this same parallel line pattern, and a plate of flat glass with the quill hole, slightly less than an inch and three-quarters in diameter, which appears to have been added after the rest of the inkwell had been taken from the mold. There is no distinguishing mark on this piece to identify its place of manufacture, but it is, except for color, a duplicate of one described as having been

made in Keene. There is no doubt of its being authentic "Stoddard."

A flask I have in Keene green is six and a quarter inches in height, over all, four inches in width at the shoulders, and three inches at the bottom. It is a two-mold flask, having on one side a five-panelled basket filled with fruit, and on the other side a cornucopia filled to overflowing with the same sort of melons and pears and grapes that crowd the basket. Its original use I do not know, but whatever it was, the flask was generous, for it holds what I suppose was meant to be a pint. Actually it will take nearly a gill over. Regardless of its original contents, I like to think that it was once a vital part of some New Hampshire boy's fishing expeditions, perhaps even on our Winnipesaukee itself, for when it came to me there were two very dead and very dry grasshoppers inside.

There are a pair of flasks identical in size, shape, volume, and design, to my green one, but colored in a delicate Stoddard brown. After the Keene works closed, and manufacturing was still being continued at Stoddard, it is easy to suppose that some of the men and a large part of the equipment went over to Stoddard. Perhaps these three flasks came from the same mold.

But my joy is in a smaller flask than these three, a flask in Stoddard brown, six inches in height, slightly under three inches in width at

the shoulders, and an inch and three-quarters at the bottom, holding a generous half-pint. On one side a spread eagle, standing on two globes, occupies the centre. Above him is a scroll, and below an oval that in the larger bottles carries, generally, the legend, "Keene," or "Stoddard, N. H." It was within this oval that the label identifying the contents was pasted. The other side would please any man who has made the rough and rugged journey from the high and lofty tower of Babel in the West to the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite in the East, for here, curiously wrought, are the symbols of his progress. The tessellated pavement, the pillars, the Keystone, which the builders rejected, the All-seeing Eye, the trowel, and, sombre sign, the skull and cross-bones, signifying death. Strangely enough, the Square and Compasses are placed on the Scripture with both points of the compasses hidden, and the letter G, beloved of Masons everywhere, is missing. A triangle, too, with its corner broken, will commend the flask to him who has received the further light in Masonry that comes from the Council degrees. And the flare of the top will commend the flask to the mere connoisseur of glass, whether he be an addict to Stoddard alone, or a general collector.

For the time being my collecting is more active in books. There is still one of the White Mountain classics that I lack and want. Stod-

dard is only just beginning to infect me. The germ is there, and I am cognizant of it. I do not propose to take a serum, and I shall eventually let it develop, even to the point where I shall probably be at auctions and antique shops along the New Hampshire by-ways, hoping to find a pinch-lipped pitcher, or a demi-john, or an open salter. Then I shall put glass shelves across the eastern and southern windows and, while the sun refracts on Stoddard bubbles, gloat!

THREE FARMS

(*For Lewis A. Borden*)

Robert Lamprey, who with his grandfather, father, and elder brother came to Long Island from Pittsfield more than a hundred years ago, was a good farmer. In 1839 his diligent husbandry won for him much acclaim by reason of the 131 bushels and seven quarts of corn he raised to the acre. With probably no more natural fertility in the Long Island soil than in hundreds of main land farms, and with no greater amount of assistance from Nature than the slight benefice of being on an island, and therefore subject to the favorable influence of Winnipesaukee in moderating the temperature and retaining a little more moisture in the air, Robert Lamprey's crop of 1839 stood for some time as a premium high. His success was considered by one authority less a chance one than one resulting from great attention to land and crop, and a great ambition for excellence.

Robert Lamprey may have derived his virtues as a farmer from two of his neighbors, or they from him, for in the days when Robert was raising corn, his neighbor to the north, John Brown, was clearing and manuring additional acres on his farm that successively for fifty years held the record in New Hampshire for corn per acre, and John Boody was raising wheat of such excellent quality that the Federal

government was his steady customer, buying large quantities in what, without an alphabetical designation, was an effort to aid the farmers in the western states to obtain high quality wheat for seed.

These farms are gone now, and, save for a few who emulate Lamprey and Brown and Boody, either from having been subjected to their inspiring acquaintance or by being related to them and trained by them in their ways, Long Island is not an agricultural community. Old John Brown's grandson farms there, and raises enough for his family and those strangers who want green vegetables for their summer tables, and there are one or two small subsistence farms on the island, whose plenty may perhaps be shared with nearby campers, but no inspiring row on row of corn or wheat greet the traveller along the four or five mile island drive. Nor is it especially to be wondered at. Life in 1935 is faster than life in 1839, and the man who could discipline himself to work hard in 1839 had none of 1935's sirens in his barn or beside his fireplace to lure him away from the hoe. There was no luxurious car in the garage to take him a hundred miles from home in as many minutes. The outbuilding harbored a one-horse power horse, or, if he were fortunate, two or three, whose care was as demanding and whose parts not so readily replaced. There was no radio pouring blasts of wild eyed schemers

of a new Utopia into Robert Lamprey's ears, to seduce him away from realities to visionary plans for old-age pensions. He knew that only indefatigable labor, hard as it was, would bring comfort in his old age. And he raised 131 bushels, 7 quarts of corn per acre to provide that comfort. Perhaps, too, the fact that there were no canned vegetables that could be picked up hurriedly by telephoning to the corner store, and as simply made ready for the table, kept Robert Lamprey's hoe in his hand, and his acres under tillage. Now, when every chain grocer is the farmer's competitor, there is but little ambition to spend back-breaking hours in nurturing, what, at best, will be sixty per cent. silage at harvest time.

Picture, too, John S. Boody, and his preparation for Utopia. In April, 1840, he ploughed 150 rods of greensward, after which he hauled on eight loads of coarse barnyard manure, spreading it on the furrows and harrowing it into the ground. In this prepared ground he planted potatoes, in rows about three feet apart, and two and a half feet between hills. From this he harvested about three hundred bushels, of fine quality, and, the harvesting completed, another eighteen loads of manure was hauled in and the ground left until April, 1841, when spring ploughing, and harrowing, completed in May, had prepared the ground for corn. It was a promising crop, until about the

time of silking, when a severe drought set in to spoil it, and the harvest resulting was only thirty or thirty-five bushels. And then, in April, 1842, after ploughing and harrowing this same ground, Mr. Boody sowed a bushel and a half of Red Beard Black Sea wheat, harrowed it and rolled the ground. His crop was thirty-eight and a half bushels of the superior wheat that the government wanted for the western farmers.

And John Brown, deservedly a celebrity through all New England for his own particular variety of eight-rowed corn. At one time his crop of a variety known as brown corn, with large grains and small cobs, and ears ranging from ten to thirteen inches in length and eight-rowed, averaged 136 bushels to the acre. While Mr. Brown was busy with his corn, Mrs. Brown was making her own reputation with cheese, in quantities of from 600 to 700 pounds a year.

Here then, briefly, are three farms of the ten or a dozen that, a hundred years ago, dotted the twelve hundred acres of Long Island. In those days there was no bridge at Moultonboro Neck, and the row to Center Harbor was a long one. There were Guernsey cattle on Cow Island, and old Captain Pillsbury over there was raising 130 bushels of corn to the acre. It was hard work, and the acres now filling with second growth timber where once corn and wheat grew plentifully testify to the

necessity for keeping out the forest in addition to ploughing and planting. But it developed men—men who even today are spoken of with respect and esteem.

The lonely life of the winters developed minds, too, as the work of the spring and summer and fall developed bodies. Robert Lamprey, tall, gaunt, bronzed, knew and loved the woods. Famed far and wide for his prowess on the hunt, and for his skill in woodcraft, even more than for his corn, he was a delightful, droll, character. I am told that he looked enough like Joseph Jefferson, the actor, to have been his twin. Somewhere, somehow, the oriental doctrine of reincarnation crossed the lake to Long Island, and Robert, embracing it in all its possibilities, swore that he would return to the island in a mullein-stalk. Did he have time, with all his multitudinous duties, to know that pale country beauties rub their cheeks with the velvety mullein leaves to make them rosy? Droll? Robert Lamprey, I salute your perspicacity!

THE JUDGING CHRIST

(*I. M. John H. Farley, S. J.*)

I have been astonished in reading the classics of the White Hills, not to find recorded in them an Indian legend concerning the Great Stone Face. It is hard to believe that those Abnakis who found beneath the crags of Franconia deer, bear, moose, beaver and otter, and who credited the heights with being the dwelling place of the Great Spirit, whence, in his moments of displeasure he unleashed his thunderbolts, should not have seen in the granite ledges that jut out from Cannon Mountain the Great Spirit's manifestation of himself to his people. And yet, incredible as it seems, the Indian seems not to have known this phenomenon. It is idle now, when the last Abnaki has long since ceased to roam these parts, to speculate the cause, but it occurs in passing that the fact that the red man was conservative of the woods through which he hunted is the reason. He cleared but few acres for his camps, and being usually thoroughly communistic in his habits, these cleared acres sufficed for the tribe. Through skill in the chase he was able to eat regularly and well and sufficiently without recourse to wanton burning of the woods. Perhaps by failing to clear high, wide and handsome he missed the Face.

It was in the State Legislature in June, 1839,

THE PROFILE

Casola was told of a French Jesuit who had seen in the American wilderness a face, tranquil, majestic, divine, but terrible. (Photograph from a drawing by Isaac Sprague in Oakes' "White Mountain Scenery," 1848.)

that an act to provide a geological and mineralogical survey of New Hampshire was passed, and John Page, who was Governor, appointed Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, as State Geologist. In 1844, Dr. Jackson submitted his final report to Governor Steele. In that report Dr. Jackson says, speaking of the Profile, "This remarkable object was first discovered about forty years ago when laying out the road. Had it been known to the aborigines, I doubt not that it would have been an object of superstitious worship." Further along he says, "Various traditionary tales, evidently of recent origin, are related respecting the superstitious awe with which the aboriginal inhabitants viewed this colossal profile. It is a proper object for romantic legends, but there is no proof that it was known more than forty or fifty years ago to the white men; nor does history inform us that it had been observed by the Indians." This, from Dr. Jackson, in 1844. Lucy Crawford does not mention the Profile in her book, the first edition of which is dated 1846, and Spaulding in 1855 inclines toward the belief that, from the finding of various Indian utensils and relics in its vicinity, the Old Man of the Mountain was an object of homage to them. Willey, whose book was written mainly to answer the question so often asked of him, "Are you a relative of the family that was destroyed at the White Mountains?", notes (in 1855)

quoting Oakes, an earlier visitor, that in passing down the road from the spot where the Profile can be seen in perfection, the Old Man's countenance changes, first into a "toothless old woman in a mob cap," until it soon is lost entirely. He says that the lake at its foot, destitute of fish, was never visited by Indians from fear of the stern visage above it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in 1848, wrote the story that in his Twice-Told Tales is probably the most familiar treatment of the Profile in fiction, but it it to a less familiar, and to my mind, more impressive tale that I want to refer today. It has but recently come to my attention, largely through my continual searching for the legends that gather around these old hills as do their clouds, and add such charm to them. In the form in which it came to me this story has only seventy-eight pages. It was first published in 1864. It is "Christus Judex," and Edward Roth was its author.

The story, briefly, concerns itself with a traveller in Italy, who, visiting a tiny church in Acqua Chiara, on the shores of Lake Dorno, finds there above the altar a remarkable painting, the newness and brightness of its colors, in view of its reputed age of one hundred and fifty years astounds him no less than the sense of having known him who had been the model for the central figure, the Lord Christ, stern, immovable, inexorable, withal just, and merciful.

Unable to put aside this feeling of acquaintanceship, and yet, not able to recall the person to mind, the traveller went in search of one who could tell him something of the history of the painting, and coming upon the Padre of the church, he is invited to go with him to his house where he is shown the manuscript "Life of Casola," a journal kept by the artist himself who painted the picture.

Pietro Casola, having early exhibited decided talents for painting was encouraged by his mother, and she being a woman of great piety, was urged by her to paint religious subjects only. So profound were her discourses on the subject that Pietro, moved, one day promised her that he would paint Christ come to judge the world. To that end he bent every faculty. From years of study under Cignani, he emerged one destined to become a master, and in his twenty-third year, regarding his preparation complete, he set about to begin his promised work. From Florence to Naples, to Venice, Genoa, Mantua, Sienna, Milan, to all the great centers of Italian art he went, searching for inspiration, and in vain. In none of the masters' works did he find the awful, sublime, terror-inspiring face that he conceived should be the judging Christ's. Called home to his father's death-bed, he explained to his mother his disappointments, and from her learned of a French Jesuit, lately returned from America to

Paris, who had reported seeing in the American wilderness a face, tranquil, divine, but terrible. Before he could reach him, the Jesuit had died, but Casola sailed for America, intent on following, if necessary, Father Serrane's entire route through the wilderness to gaze on the face he had described.

Landing in Canada, Casola made inquiry among those who had known Father Serrane, and learned of a man who had been with him on his travels to every part of the wilderness but the land of the Abnakis. Nowhere had they together seen such a face as Casola described. For the land of the Abnakis, then, after careful preparations for a considerable time and some difficulty in travelling, Casola set out with his new friend and four Indians as guides. Many days were spent on the rivers; portages added to their hazards, until finally they halted near the headwaters of the Kennebec at an Indian village where, in answer to their inquiries they were informed that the object of their search lay beyond the mountains to the westward. Here his Indians dared not go, for the Great Spirit who dwelled in the high mountains was jealous of his heights, and would not countenance the intrusion of mere mortals there. Pushing on alone, Casola and his friend crossed the mountains, and, descending through a notch between high peaks, came at last to a cliff, where looking upward, he found jutting out from a

ledge high above a lake, the features he had sought for years. Here, at last, in stone, was all the grandeur and awe of his ideal.

From sketches he made then, Casola painted on his return to Italy, the Judging Christ of Acqua Chiara, and so impressive was his painting that in the town there never was again heard dissension among men. Nor did the flowers ever fade over Casola's grave. Peace settled on the village by the lake, and happiness, and Heaven, itself, impressed with the effect on men, would not permit the colors of the painting to fade.

Here then is a fable, a legend, newer than the Indians who may or may not have known the Old Man. There is an uplift to it worthy of that Great Stone Face, and it seems too much a part of the wealth of New Hampshire to perish with its last printing, on some dusty bookshelf. There is a complex among men which drives them to find in inanimate things mirrors of themselves. That may explain why at the Profile, the times that I have been there, I have found always a hundred or more looking upward as did Casola, many years ago.

ŒNEIS SEMIDEA

(*For Miss Edith Blake*)

In the lowlands of Connecticut, where on filled ground practically at sea level, I spend the days from the first thaw in March to the first freeze in October out of doors, my time is spent at other things than my pen and typewriter. Usually, except for the too short weeks I am at Winnipesaukee, I am gardening or engaged in one of the allied pursuits. But even at sea level I have found the alpine flora more delightful, and my pool garden boasts nearly a hundred different sempervivums, those curious plants our nurserymen have taught us to call, in some localities, "hen and chickens," in others, "cat and kittens," and in one only, so far as I know, "mother of millions."

These plants are native to the old world. From the German and Swiss Alps they grow, usually above timber, in nooks and crannies of the old mountains clear to the Mediterranean Sea, and across the Bosphorus in the Caucasus Mountains. One or two species are found along the north coast of Africa, in the Atlas Mountains, and one or two in the Canary Islands.

It is a fact that with "Semps" one never grows tired of his garden. No matter how lame one grows from bending over to pile the

rocks they love, the mat they form repays a hundredfold, and the curious fasciate forms one unexpectedly raises occasionally are as much a reward as the vistas of coral must be to him who dives the warm seas for sponges. Nor are such forms unlike green coral castellations that later put out strange spikes of vari-colored flowers whose form suggests a painting by one of those surrealists who show their canvasses along the Left Bank of the Seine. And it is a fact, too, that when these plants blossom the rosette bearing the blossom dies; not however, before going to seed. Unfortunately for the collector, it is the facility, comparatively speaking, with which these plants grow from seed that has confounded the student who would classify them, each to its proper species. For although there are generally recognized only twenty-three distinct species of sempervivums, there is one list I have seen of seven hundred and forty-four names, each purporting to be different!

It is but a short step from the flower to the insect world when one gardens seriously. For curious things happen all about you when you are deep in studying your plants, and like Alice, you are quite likely to follow the next white rabbit down the hole to emerge in a Wonderland you never dreamed of before. So it was with me. Having learned through experience and reading the dangers of cross-pollination, I set

about learning which insects would be the offenders, and discovered the butterflies.

My memory goes back some years to the days when as a boy reading "The Rover Boys" I came across the (to me, then) amusing, eccentric, Professor Snodgrass. I cannot recall that he really was essential to the story at hand, but I do remember that he usually appeared on the scene of action, a somewhat innocuous, patient sort of man with a butterfly net and an anodyne preparation for putting his specimens to sleep. In the confine of my garden, more or less unobserved by the neighbors, I emulated Professor Snodgrass, and on one or two occasions, when the locale was one in which I should be less likely to meet friends, I went afield with net and ether. My catches never amounted to great numbers, nor were they ever deemed rare specimens, although, in 1932, I was able, through several fine specimens to assist in confirming a discovery that *Eurytheme*, reputedly a southern and western sulphur-yellow butterfly, is equally at home in Connecticut.

It is interesting to know that what possibly is the oldest living thing in America is native to New Hampshire. Known variously to entomologists as *Œneis Semidea* or *Chinobis Semidea,* and to the less elect, such as I, simply as the White Mountain Butterfly, this insect is found on the higher peaks of the White Mountain ranges, usually above timber. It is our

link with the glacial age, for most scientists agree that it probably came to New Hampshire from the sub-arctic north with that great ice blanket that left them where they will remain forever, on Washington, and Madison, and Adams. Holland says that in all there are more than thirty species of this family, some found in the Rocky Mountains, one in Maine, and Nova Scotia, and several in Labrador and Alaska.

The insect is not large, as butterflies come; usually it is of some shade of brown or smoky gray, fading to a lighter shade of the same color at the edge and frequently dotted with small eyes in the margin. They are not rare, here in the mountain region, but perhaps they have been taken for granted and not noticed. After all, what use the mountains alone? What use a cool well unless a man come by to drink? What use a tree, a hill, a cloud, a butterfly, unless someone, seeing each, pause a moment to see, and put it down for him to read who seeing, has not paused, and has not seen?

SALVATION IN COOS, A. D., 1851

(*I. M. Miss Alice Lakey*)

The Crawfords, Old Abel and two of his eight sons, Ethan Allen and Thomas J., will live forever in the history of the White Mountains. Ethan, the Giant of the Hills, was perhaps the most important of the three in the work of pioneering in this region, but his work ended prematurely. He died, a victim of what today would probably be diagnosed as cancer, in his fifty-fourth year, his work uncompleted, and his early works obscured by the debts he had contracted in building his house in the Notch for the entertainment of visitors to the mountains. So ponderous did the burden of debt become that in 1837, with failing health undermining his ability to escape from the financial difficulties, he turned over his hostelry to Horace Fabyan and took up farming in Guildhall, Vermont. His return to the Notch in 1843 as the host of a large three-storey building within sight of his former home was the last stand of the Giant, and he died there in June, 1846, hopelessly encumbered with financial difficulties.

Thomas, like Ethan his brother, was of the mountains. He kept the Notch House, and was as interested in opening up the heights to his guests as was Ethan. Not as able a guide, perhaps, as his brother, he seems to have been a better business man, for there are no stories of

overwhelming debt told of him. It was Thomas who, in 1840, enlarged one of Ethan's trails into the bridle path from Crawford's to the summit of Mount Washington, and it was his father, old Abel, who, at the age of seventy-five, made the first trip on horseback to the summit over the son's path. Thomas later built the carriage road up Mount Williard.

There seems to have been in the Crawfords a deep and abiding sense of an Almighty Being, a sense discovered in such memorabilia as we have of them today, that was not constrained by any creed or dogma; an inherent piety that, perhaps, based on their reading of the Bible and interpreting it for themselves, gave them assurance of a God and a strong determination to depend on Him. It is a common trait, I think, among people who are not confined by a complicated existence, or by a complicated creed, to find manifestations of God in nature. Frequently, too, this assurance is associated with high places. One of the most impressive poems I know is that one of Badger Clark's where he says, "God meets me in the mountains when I climb alone and high," and again, "God meets me in the canyon when I miss Him in the town."

This manner of reasoning is as true with fanatics as with the simple folk, such as the Crawfords. It is not many years ago that one of the people to whom God in the past has revealed Himself announced definitely the ending

of the world and the coming of the Messiah. He was, unfortunately confined by the high walls of Manhattan, and, having failed sufficiently to impress the owners of a skyscraper there with the import of his message, was denied the right to await the opening of Heaven on their roof. Perhaps the barn on Long Island from which he was forced finally to await the trumpet call was too low, but it is significant that he chose to get off the ground.

There was, in 1851, a matter of similar importance that failed to materialize, and unconsciously Thomas Crawford was an important factor in the development of the plan. One of those odd men of the world who occasionally are spoken to by God, and in whom He confides His plans for all mankind, appeared at the Notch House, and during the course of a protracted stay, discovered to Crawford that God had selected him as the "Israel of Jerusalem" for His second coming. He requested as contribution from Crawford the right to the summit of Mount Washington, and Crawford, thinking, undoubtedly, to quiet him, gave him a deed. This curious paper was legally filed in the Registry of Deeds, at Lancaster, and John Coffin Nazro, which was the name of this peculiar genius, proceeded at once to establish his claim. He had built for him gates to all of the paths leading to the summit, which he renamed Trinity Height, and charged one dollar per per-

son of all who went through. With the money thus received it was his announced intention to build a huge cathedral on top of the mountain.

Nazro became somewhat of a nuisance through his gates. People paid when they had to, but the way around, or over them, was unenclosed, and it is a safe guess that more people reached the summit without the payment of the fee than paid for the privilege. In June, 1851, the newspapers of the region carried a large advertisement. Salvation was to come to Coos:

PROCLAMATION
FOURTH OF JULY
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

There will be a solemn congregation upon TRINITY HEIGHT, or summit of Mount Washington, on the Fourth of July, A. D., 1851, and the 1st year of Theocracy, or Jewish Christianity, to dedicate to the coming of the Ancient of Days, in the glory of His Kingdom, and to the marriage of the Lamb; and the literal organization in this generation of the Christian or purple and royal Democracy (let no man profane that name), or the thousand thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of the people of the Saints of the Most High God of every nation and Denomination into the greatness of God's kingdom and dominion under the whole heavens; and there will be a contribution for this purpose from all who are willing, in the beauty of holiness, from the dawn of that Day.

JOHN COFFIN NAZRO,
Israel of Jerusalem.

The record is not clear as to how many of the faithful gathered for the organization of the purple and royal Democracy, but the weather on the summit was incongruous with the coming of the Ancient of Days in the glory of His Kingdom. Black clouds enveloped the peaks of the entire range, and a heavy rain added to the discomforts of the climb by way of the Crawford path. The marriage did not take place. Soon after this vain attempt, urged, no doubt, by the discontent his toll-gathering scheme produced among the visitors to the mountain, Nazro disappeared, leaving his gates ajar, and his temple purely a speculative one.

It was rumored about the mountains that he had enlisted in the Navy. Some degree of confirmation was given this rumor years later when a gaunt, thin-faced man, tanned as though by the sea, registered at Tip-Top House as "John C. Nazro, Chaplain, U. S. N." His object in coming to Tip-Top was, he stated, to collect rents due him by the owners of the hotel. Unfortunately for him, he failed to collect, and his disappearance is complete from that time.

Whether Nazro was a fanatic or a zealot does not matter much in his story. The Rev. Benjamin G. Willey makes only a passing reference to him as a moon-mad Jew. He may have been as mad as a March Hare, or as sane as Joseph Smith, who not many years before had discovered the tablets of the Book of Mormon

on his farm in New York State, and organized the Mormon Church. He may have been as zealous as Mother Ann Lee, who brought the doctrines of the Shakers to America, and whose adherents settled, in Canterbury, over in Merrimac County, what was in the '40's and '50's a promising communistic experiment. There is in his story a touch of tragedy, and a touch of humor, Tom Crawford's deed was given as a joke. Nazro's high-sounding titles, and tremendous plans smell suspiciously of the Barnum flavor, in what was pre-eminently the Barnum era, and yet, his having been Chaplain in the navy redeems him in a measure. I think he may have been sincere but misguided.

Where he finally went is a matter for conjecture, but in Spaulding's "Historical Relics of the White Mountains" is the first account of his adventures, a souvenir of when salvation, had the weather permitted, might have come to Coos. An unfortunate fire in 1886 destroyed practically all of the records contained in the Coos County Registry, and the deed to the summit of Mount Washington which Nazro had as a joke, was never re-registered, so that unless this story is retold occasionally one of the interesting items of New Hampshire lore will be lost with the last copy of Spaulding's book, which, even in 1890, Julius H. Ward called exceedingly rare.

TWO BITS

(*For Clarke P. Billings*)

A friend, whose love for the Lake Region is as strong as my own, and I were discussing this afternoon our varied delights in New Hampshire—what it is that brings us back each year, and what it is that led us, long since, to fix as our goal a place in New Hampshire to which in the future we shall retire from our present careers in the not too congenial (to me) business world we now, from necessity and inclination, share. He is more gregarious than I, and from this very fact his choice is a tent or a cabin trailer at Lake Shore Park, with its milling crowds, its dances of nights, and the eternal bustle of newcomers and old friends going home. Then, when autumn comes to send the birds southward, he, too, wants to fly with them, as fast as a cabin trailer will permit, following the sun, to a southern Lake Shore Park, where his freemasonry of camp life will continue through the winter.

I respect his point of view. Never having been overly attracted to, or by, the hail-fellow-well-met types that must from their very natures gather in such places, I do not envy him. Nor, if he achieve his goal before me, shall I visit him at length. Two hours, preferably at the time of the siesta hour, will suffice. And since, when I achieve my own goal, my house,

not transportable, will be sufficiently remote from my nearest neighbor to afford a brisk morning walk for the milk, or to use his telephone, my good friend will probably not visit me at length. Each, then, to his own taste.

Strangely enough, we agreed on one thing. We are appreciative of the people in New Hampshire. Accustomed as we are to the idiosyncracies of the many kinds who make up the larger cities of Connecticut, and we both know all of the cities well, we found in New Hampshire a spontaneity of friendliness that, added to the charm of the countryside itself, and the natural attractions of hills and water, made us equally certain that New Hampshire would, one day, claim us, if not as native, surely as adopted, sons. And when I learned that he had discovered the New Hampshire people as I had, I told him two bits, two stories to illustrate their natures. I am sorry that they are bits. Some day I shall know more about the people they concern, and about more people like them. First, and these are almost as they were told to me, is the story of

GEORGE

George was a restless soul, who chose even in death not to be quiescent. After wandering much, and wishing that he had been able to wander more, George requested that when he came to die, his remains be cremated and the ashes

scattered abroad from the top of a hill on a high wind. This was done, and often of nights, when the wind, cold and dismal, wailed about the chimney corner, they who had known him looked at each other knowingly, smiled and whispered, "There goes George." Even his sister knew content of a sort in the wail of the wind, confident that George was doing in death what in life he had most enjoyed. And when, as frequently happened, she sat with friends at their firesides and heard the whistling in the flues, she herself was as likely to remark that George was going by.

This sister never married. When the time came for her, the last of her family, to face the Great Liberator, and her friends had made their farewells, she was laid to rest beside her parents, and vinca, and checkerberry and everlastings came in time to blanket the three graves. They who never knew her brother, and who remember her only as a modest old maid who sat with their grandparents of an evening, are fortyish now. But of an autumn evening, when the wind wails dismally under the eaves and in the flue, even they are likely to smile knowingly and whisper, "There goes George." And, as often as not, George pauses for a moment to wrap the blanket of fallen leaves more warmly about his people before he is again on his way.

And, next to George, I like the story of

AUNT SARAH

Aunt Sarah was a grand old lady, later than, but of the same mold as Aunt Jess Guernsey and Granny Stalbird, vigorous, honest, glorious stock. Neighborliness in small towns, such as the one in which Aunt Sarah lived is as it is in certain parts of the older cities. It is traditional in our family that when, at the age of five months, I was stricken with cerebro-meningitis, old Grandmother Hopkins next door offered, when she heard the nature of my illness, to sit up with mother the night that I died. Similarly, during a considerable illness, when both Aunt Sarah and Uncle Sam, her husband, lay at death's door, a neighbor went in to arrange for the funeral. Unable, before the neighbor's visit, even to turn over in bed without help, Aunt Sarah, learning the nature of her neighbor's errand, rose on one elbow, fired with all the indignation a soul so near to the brink could summon, and shouted in her visitor's face

"Don't bury me until I am dead!"

They buried Uncle Sam, and the neighbor, just as a few years later mother attended the funeral of Grandmother Hopkins. I would have gone along too, had I known of her offer to mother then.

Left alone, and without companionship, Aunt Sarah closed her home, auctioned off the

contents of the house, and went to keep house for a retired minister close by. It was colder than usual that winter, and the newspapers carried one day the startling news that Aunt Sarah and the clergyman had frozen to death during the night. But the report was grossly exaggerated, and though they buried the minister, Aunt Sarah lived to try, unsuccessfully, living as companion, hired and hiring, with several other people, until, discouraged with her lot, she decided to carry on alone.

One bitterly cold morning, blustery and cruel, Aunt Sarah's neighbors noticed no smoke from her chimney, and went to investigate. They found a large hole burned into the carpet and the floor in front of her living-room stove, and an empty dipper, in which she had carried water to put out the fire. Her clothing, dress and underclothing, with one side burned away, was soaking in a bucket in the kitchen, grim evidence of tragedy close at hand. Her body they found on her bed, one side horribly burned, but in spite of it all, freshly bathed, dressed in clean linens, ready for burial. And only then did they carry her to the grave.

How interesting must have been the world for George, and how full must life have been for Aunt Sarah, that the long rest most men one day are willing to take should have no attraction for them. I once heard the late Russell H. Conwell deliver his famous lecture

"Acres of Diamonds," in which he tells the story of the man who would be rich, who went from his farm to seek the wealth of the world, only to return to find that on his own homestead, had he looked there first, he would have found untold riches. George must have found them in his wanderings, Aunt Sarah, in her life. Some day, as I say, I shall know more of George and Aunt Sarah, and more of others like them.

IN PRAISE OF OLD THINGS

(*For Gustave R. Sattig*)

Just around the corner from the building in which is my office an interesting gentleman has an antique shop. He is recognized as one of the best informed men in the country on his subject, and although many, probably most, of the days of the week are empty of large profits, he is happy in his temporary quarters in the city, away from his shop in the country, because he is among his own things—his old things. I have never met a merchant so indifferent to whether his visitors buy his stock in trade. In fact it is my impression as I talk with him that he is more concerned that the pieces which do go out of his keeping will go into the possession of someone who will appreciate them as he does. One almost would suppose he were placing a live pet in a good home where it will be kindly treated, so appreciative is he of the old things he has.

Such is the joy of a collector in the beauties of his collection; a joy that all collectors know, whether their fields be in furniture or glass or books or brass. Yet it is not alone beauty that appeals to the real collector; the grace of line, the mellow patina of age; but more than these, the years of care that generations of other people have exercised to bring these pieces down to us today, and the more graceful leisure of their lives, when they had time really to care for these very things.

It would be poor stewardship on my own part, for example, if my small Stoddard flask, above my desk as I write, were broken while I have it in my care. Its bottom is more pointed than square, so that unless it rests on a steady base it rocks. How many careful hands have prevented its rocking to a floor during all the years since it came from the mold I have no way of knowing, but my hands must be as careful, so that it will pass from me to my son, or to other hands as appreciative as my own, a splendid example of an early New Hampshire industry.

And so, I accept the credo of my antiquarian friend, when he asks forty-five dollars for a handsome old Windsor chair, that when he buys a piece for his shop he pays for the care that has made possible bringing that piece down to him. He makes his buying a rite, not a routine, and it follows that his selling is in the same scale.

This appreciation for old things is gradually extending. I find myself constantly being surprised by the name of a new collector—some one in whom I would have least expected to find that appreciation of beauty being a collector requires. And I welcome him to our fraternity, confident that as he adds to his collection, his interests will widen until from lustre ware he will go to furniture, or to books, and perhaps even to a house contemporary with the period in which his first love lay. I shall eventually

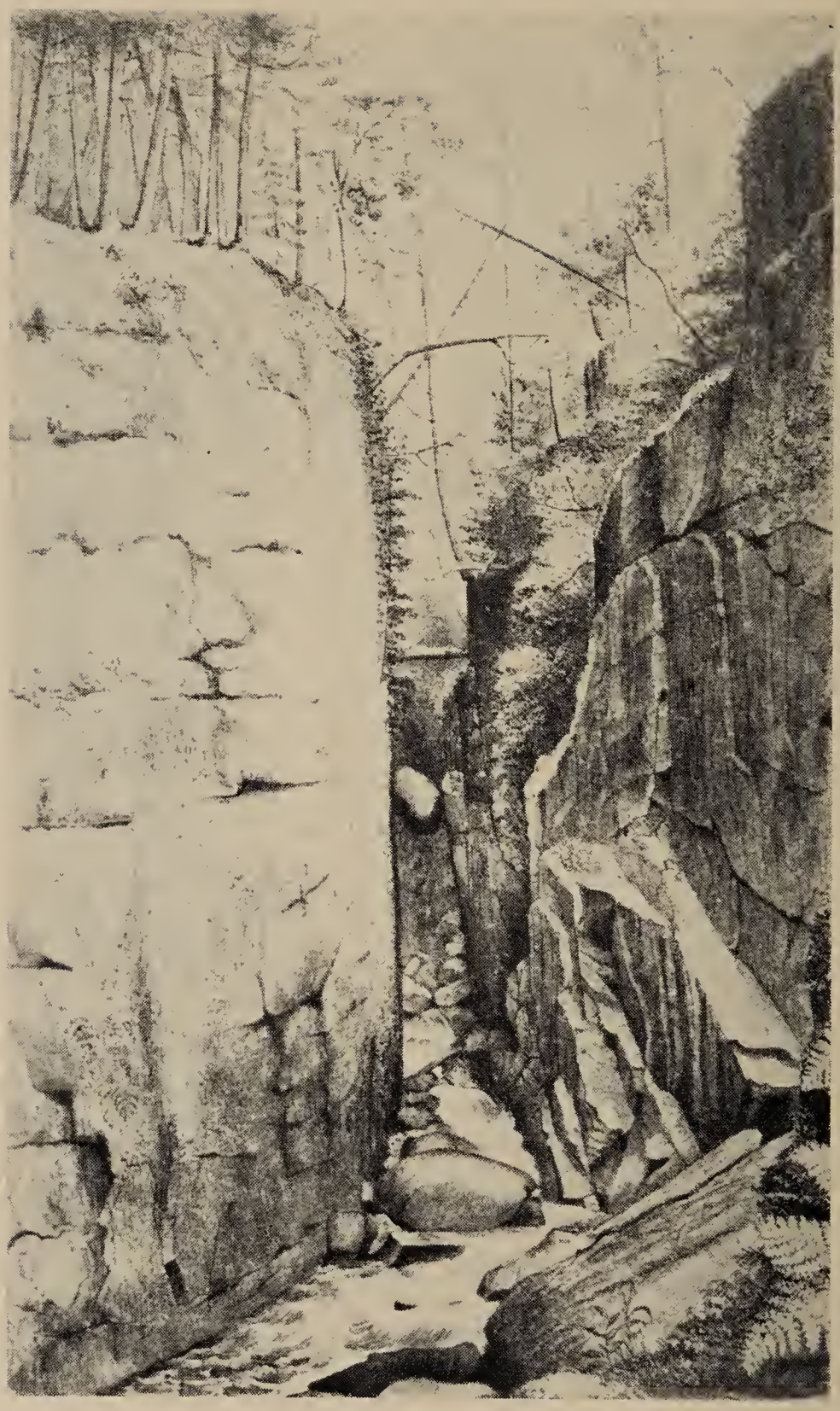
enlarge my own sphere. I feel it coming on. It is apparent to me each time I visit my friend the antiquarian, for I protest less emphatically each time that I care for antiques. My former method of approach was a question, "Is this an antique, or can I sit in it?" That has been dissipated, not so much from repetition as from his sanguine assurance each time that it not only was an antique, but that I could sit in it. And, since his answer each time has been the truth, I wonder, with a graceful nod in the direction of Mr. Walter Dorwin Teague, our most artistic modern, (who also is a discerning collector) whether I shall not be as happy with the graceful lines and the mellow sheen of the old things.

But there is another point I wonder about—a point that appeals to me even more than the beauty. John Balderston makes much of it in his delightfully fantastic play "Berkeley Square." His protagonist, an American young man, with a fondness for the past that was almost an obsession, inherited an eighteenth century house in London, on Berkeley Square, and from the moment he arrived there to take possession he was so permeated with the past that he actually lived the life of his ancestor and namesake, whose home had become his own. Such a thing must have occurred to Professor Lawrence Mayo, when he sat down with his notebooks and source data to write his biogra-

phy of John Wentworth, for the last royal governor of New Hampshire becomes alive in Mayo's book. More than that, while I was reading the book I expected quite confidently to look up from my reading and find Governor John sitting in the opposite chair, ready for conversation. I am not yet sure that he was not there.

But I am sure that when, during the summer, I shall sit for a brief time under a pine tree on Mount Delight, that Governor John and his Lady, and those friends who shared with him the rigors of a journey from Portsmouth in 1770 and the four succeeding years, will be there, too. We shall picnic in fancy as they did in fact, and, as B. F. Parker put it in his History of Wolfeboro, our muscles will become more elastic, and our spirits more buoyant because for a brief time we shall be away from cities. For Governor John was as much at home in the woods as at a court ball, and he discovered even as long ago as 1769, when cities were not what they are today, the need for Peace and quiet, away. He chose Winnipesaukee, and became the first summer resident of the lake region, a judgment confirmed so often since his time, that even though he repent now, in whatever spirit world he may be, the rashness that took him to England just as the Revolution broke, I know he must be pleased with himself for his activity in the hereabout.

There are pleasures in old things. I shall be the last one to put a candle in place of the light by which I am writing this paper, or to ask for John Wentworth's coach and four to take me to Mount Delight. But I am thankful for the coin, and the silver and the pewter and glass and china the *FERA* workers found in the cellar hole of Wentworth House during their preparing it for a park. Such things being there make me so much surer I will find Sir John and Lady Frances there also. I hope they will let me come again.



THE FLUME

Discovered in 1808 by "Aunt Jess" Guernsey, then 94 years old, while on a fishing expedition in the Franconia Woods. The bowlder was swept away in a cloudburst in 1883, and has never been found. (Photograph from a drawing by Isaac Sprague in Oakes' "White Mountain Scenery," 1848.)

TO THE LADIES

(*For Marjorie and Tom Russell*)

Great-grandmother Clarke, at ninety-nine, slipped in climbing over a stone wall while she was berrying. The fall fractured her hip, and she was confined to bed for the knitting process that strangely enough, for a woman of her advanced age, actually did begin. Unfortunately, preventive medicine in great-grandmother's day was not so effective as in ours, and the bed-ridden old lady died of pneumonia, before the healing was completed. She was of the generation of Aunt Jess Guernsey and Granny Stalbird, in New Hampshire; a virile, vigorous pioneer stock, whose activity increased their spans of years, and through whose pioneering we have so many pleasures today. If, therefore, I choose to add to the men of New Hampshire who have been remembered in this series of papers, two women who deserve remembrance beyond what thus far has been their lot, it is because the repetition of this tale of Great-grandmother Clarke in family gatherings has left with me a profound respect for her vigorous generation. I give you Aunt Jess Guernsey, and Granny Stalbird.

They never knew each other, unless in Charon's houseboat they have met, for in the years they were contemporaries, Granny was living in the Notch, and Aunt Jess in Plymouth, and

later in Lincoln. Their common trait of making a home in the wilderness makes them kin; their stories make them unique. Granny saved Ethan Allen Crawford to develop his trails and act as first host of the Notch. Aunt Jess discovered the Flume.

Aunt Jess, whose story seems to be dealt with less fortunately by White Mountain writers, was the wife of David Guernsey, who, with his family moved from Plymouth in 1807 and settled in what is now the town of Lincoln, at the foot of the hill on which, in 1901, was discovered the Indian Head. Here he farmed, and with other settlers of the region built a two-storey block-house to defend their families against the Indians. For even as late as 1807 the Abnakis were wont occasionally to raid white settlements, probably more for stealing than for reprisal against the loss of their lands. The road from Plymouth in 1807 was not the improved highway we know today along the Pemigewasset, through the Camptons, and the Thorntons, and Woodstock. Then it was scarcely more than a trail through virgin forest, and the trip, made by carrying all their possessions on the backs of six horses must have been a tedious one, especially for Aunt Jess, who, when the trip was made, was ninety-two years old.

Her advanced age relieved somewhat the demands ordinarily made on the time of a settler's

wife, and while she was in no manner unable to perform them, she appears to have left many of her household duties to younger hands. At least, she seems to have had more time than the ordinary wife of those days to herself. And, strange fact, her spare time was spent in fishing! It became almost a mania for her, and on every opportunity, with what in those days passed for reel and creel and tackle, Aunt Jess was off to the woods, sometimes to the Pemigewasset, sometimes perhaps, even to the lakes in the Notch, bent on bringing home the supper. It was on such a day in June, 1808, when the fish were not biting well at her usual place, that Aunt Jess, walking through the woods in search of another, newer, trout pool, discovered the Flume. She ventured up its length, and saw the bowlder, caught like a nut in a nut-cracker between its precipitous walls, and then, fishing forgotten in the realization of the importance of her find, hurried away to tell her husband of the wonder.

Aunt Jess lived to be 108 years old. Four years after her discovery of the Flume she took part in a bloody repulse of an Indian attack on the block-house her husband had helped build. The Abnakis, encouraged perhaps by the English, swarmed down from Canada and a fierce but futile attempt on their part to drive the whites away marks one of the final chapters in Indian warfare in the mountain region. It is

interesting that in 1892, when Leander Guernsey, great-grandson of Aunt Jess, helped to demolish the block-house his great-grandfather had helped to build, he found imbedded in the logs many arrow-heads, grim souvenirs of this attack eighty years before.

Granny Stalbird was a less spectacular figure in the mountain lore, and yet to her belongs the distinction of having been the first white woman through the Notch. In 1773, when Colonel Joseph Whipple went from Portsmouth to Dartmouth (later Jefferson) he took with him as a servant she who later was to be called Granny Stalbird. Observant and friendly, she learned from the Abnakis and the Pennacooks, who during those early years were better neighbors than they were after the Revolution broke in earnest, the many uses of the herbs and roots and leaves that grew in abundance near her home. Her husband died after a short married life, and Granny (she seems never to have had any other name) entered on a simple professional life. Her remedies were many, and sure, and her skill is attested to by none less than Ethan Allen Crawford himself. He tells of having been clearing trees on the lower slopes of Mount Washington, three miles from his home, when the log on which he was standing gave way, throwing him to the ground. In the fall his axe struck a glancing blow on his ankle, that

finally cut the heel cord, and caused severe bleeding. Fortunately, three men whom he had hired to assist in clearing the path were near enough to help him, and by crude first aid they stopped the bleeding, and alternately, carried him home, on their backs.

By one of those queer coincidences that happen now and again, Granny, even then a woman of eighty, was at Crawford's house. She dressed the wound with a poultice made from young clover leaves, pounded in a mortar, and although Crawford limped for some time it is to Granny's clover that he gives the credit for his recovery.

The habits of this unusual woman were quite masculine. She rode astride, and was indifferent to weather. One day while about her professional duties in the Notch she was overtaken by a violent storm. She continued to ride until the torrent of water had so swollen the streams as to threaten the safety of any traveller on the road, and then, darkness coming on, she calmly sought shelter under an overhanging rock, where she spent the night, sleepless, serenaded by a dismal wail of water, wind and wolves. Thus Old Granny Stalbird lived, an almost unsung heroine of the mountains, her memory cherished by all of the early settlers after her death at the age of ninety-nine.

Great-grandmother would have loved these two. She would have gone fishing with Aunt

Jess, and even would have spent the night with Granny under her rock. Gentlemen—To the Ladies! I give you Aunt Jess Guernsey and Granny Stalbird. *Skoal!*

REQUIESCAT

(For Helen and Clifford Adams)

Samuel Adams Drake, in his "Heart of the White Hills," (1882), was extravagant in his praise of the view from the summit of Red Hill, a minor mountain, partly in Sandwich and partly in Moultonboro, at the nothern end of Winnipesaukee. Indeed, it was the fashion in the eighties for the visitors to the mountains after their journey from Wolfeboro to Center Harbor by steamer, to interrupt their stage trip from Center Harbor to Plymouth or Conway with an ascent of Red Hill. It was their introduction to the splendors that awaited them to the northward, and, especially at sunset, an impressive farewell to the lake region. Coming as it did so nicely in the travellers' schedule, Red Hill has usurped much of the glory as a lookout point from other hills in the Lake Region. There was, for example, no opportunity afforded Copple Crown to come down to us in books of that period.

Yet Copple Crown is a favorite climb in the Lake country, for those who know the view to be had from its slight height, and the sunset over Winnipesaukee is unsurpassed from the summit. It is a haunt of the "Back Roaders," an unorganized group of native and summer residents of Wolfeboro and the neighboring communities, who picnic there and explore the

cellar holes and cemeteries along its now overgrown road. For Copple Crown, pointed, picturesque, has been since the Civil War days, a monument to the dead. In the early years of the last century there was a thriving community on its western slope, a community self-sufficient, self-contained, even to having on one of its twenty-three farms a man who could make its shoes. Wool, flax, furs, maple sap, everything needed was at hand, and the small return on the extra furs and maple syrup or maple sugar which went to town each spring was the only money these people of Copple Crown knew. Nor did they need more. Pleasures in 1820 were simple, were simply obtained. They had their church, their schoolhouse; a few books circulated from farm to farm sufficed for those who read, and the square dances, the quiltings and the spinning and carding parties served adequately the small gregariousness of the Copple Crown community.

It is gone now. There are no houses alive today to speak of the past. Cellar holes, and the last vestiges of a considerable house, with painted walls and a fine wainscot, a brick walk and terraced grounds, alone remain to indicate that here, once, there were people. On the corner of what was a fine field belonging to the large house, now grown to birch and alder, is the inevitable family burial plot, its stones illegible now. This was the home of the De-

lands, and one of the stones marks the resting place of Margaret, third of seven Deland children. Beside her, not of the family until after death, sleeps Sam Quirk, a Copple Crown boy whose too serious nature marked him for the butt of all gaiety and practical joking until, sick of it all, he determined to seek Fortune afield.

I am indebted to the Rev. Orman T. Headley for the story of Sam and Margaret. He has talked with people who knew it through family traditions. It is the only clew to those forgotten graves on the western slope of Copple Crown.

On a fine day in October, 1830, Sam, whose own people did not understand his abstractions, appeared at the Deland home, dressed in his best. Calling to Margaret he said, "I am going to the top of Copple Crown. Won't you go along with me?" And without waiting for her answer, he turned to her mother and asked, "Can she go?"

Sam appears to have been highly esteemed among the grown-ups of the hill community. It was only among those of his own age, largely because of his inability and disinclination to dance and play their games, that he was regarded lightly. In fact there is some suggestion that the older people had even looked upon Sam as a potential pastor of the little church, no small tribute to his standing with them in 1830. Margaret, being only seventeen, and

four years Sam's junior, had none of the feeling of the young people his age had toward Sam, and when her mother, pleased somewhat that Sam had sought out her daughter, acquiesced, she hastened to dress for the climb.

It was a frosty morning, with a bright sun, and enough chill to make the climb invigorating. Gold and scarlet, the maples' fall banners were hung from every limb along their path, and the birch added its yellow to the scene. From the crest, seventy miles to the northward, Washington glistened in his first snowcap of the fall. Nearer to them Chocorua, his proud bare horn shining above his Joseph's coat of autumn, and the Ossipees, reddened too, from the killing frost of the night before, hemmed in Winnipesaukee's blue, and the glory of it all silenced even such banter as one so serious as Sam could make on a perfect day. Finally, after long looking, Sam, more serious than ever, turned to Margaret. The far-away look in his eyes, with which was mixed a look of promise and just a slight admission of hope for an escape, echoed his words, "Margaret," he said, "I am going to leave Copple Crown in a few days for the West. I shall have a chance there, where there are plenty of opportunities for a young man. I wondered—," he stumbled and then, embarrassed, went on, "I wondered if I went there, and got a job, if you'd go out there with me one day?" For a long time Margaret did

not speak, and then, when she did it was to point out to Sam an eagle wheeling high over Long Island. There was emotion in her voice, and in her eyes, but she could not bring herself to speak of what was in her mind. For an hour or more they sat there, Margaret fighting for words to answer Sam.

On the down trail, toward the Deland home later in the afternoon, Margaret turned suddenly to Sam and said, "You go West, Sam, and when you have a job, write to me, and we'll see." This was her only answer, nor was there another word on the matter. Arrived at the Deland home Sam said simply, "Goodbye," and was away. That night he announced to his family after evening prayer his intentions to go West and settle.

In the morning Sam's mother and sisters began the work of preparing his clothes for the journey. The shoemaker of the Copple Crown community was visited and a new pair of shoes, stout for such a journey, ordered. His father, convinced after a few days of watching these preparations that Sam was in earnest, called him aside one day and inquired how he was going, how soon and to what place. Sam told of his plan to walk to Albany, some two hundred miles, and then to work his way toward the West along the Erie Canal, then newly opened to shipping. But his father protested. "There's old Lilly," he said, "ride her to New York.

Likely you can sell her there for a little, and have some money to get along with. She's not much, I know, but she's all the help I can give you." So, in a few days Sam rode away from Copple Crown. His last visit on the mountain was to Margaret, for a few minutes alone. None knew what passed between them.

It was the spring of 1831 before word arrived from Sam. Copple Crown had held its sugaring off party, and if Margaret had remained a little aloof from the gaiety of the young people and clung a little closer than usual to the older folk who were at the kettles, it was not because she was not invited. Indeed, her beauty at eighteen attracted all the young beaux on Copple Crown, but Margaret would have none of them. She learned the arts expected of the girl of her day, spinning and carding and weaving, cooking, and all of the other domestic arts, and, save for her visits to the Quirk farm, which soon after Sam's departure settled almost to a regular schedule, she spent most of her time beside her loom or alone on the path toward the peak. That spring word came that a letter from Sam to his mother had had enclosed with it one for Margaret.

Sam had arrived in Illinois, at a small farming community called Flat Rock, where he had found a job on one of the farms. He had been tutored by the farm teacher, and by learning simple arithmetic and improving his writing,

had been taken by his employer, who also owned the general store, into the store as his clerk. His wages were ten dollars a month and board. For the next three years, at the rate of two or three letters a year, Sam and Margaret wrote to each other. Sam told his mother in his letters to her that he had been able to save from his wages enough money to make a payment on a small farm, and that he was considering buying soon. And Margaret, from other things Sam said in his letters to her, was especially busy during this third year of their correspondence, weaving and cutting and sewing. From hints dropped occasionally by both families there was much speculation among the neighbors on Copple Crown, and Margaret lived, in her mind, more in the west, away from the desolations of the mountain community.

And then suddenly, when the Post should have brought it, there was no letter from the West. A year and more passed without a word from Sam to Margaret. Here on the mountain side, too, a change had occurred in the Quirk's attitude toward her. An incomprehensible coolness prevailed; she was not unkindly treated, but far from being received as a future daughter of the family, it was more as though she were a stranger to whom one must be kind. Not understanding, never to understand, Margaret fell ill, and died, and was laid to rest under the old pine on the family plot in

the corner of the farm. In one of those not uncommon moments when we poor humans feel the need for confiding in another, Mrs. Quirk, Sam's mother, moved perhaps by the misfortune that had befallen the Delands, confided to a neighbor that Sam had married his employer's daughter in Illinois. Thus was his silence explained. The confidence was not kept, and in a few days all Copple Crown knew the story. Under an oppression of silence and coolness toward themselves such as they had administered to Margaret, the Quirks left Copple Crown.

Some ten years later Mr. Quirk returned one day to visit the Delands. A letter had just been received from the West telling of the death of Sam. He had fallen into a canal from a flatboat, and drowned, and among his papers was a request that at his death he be buried beside Margaret on Copple Crown, where they had dreamed and planned together so much more happiness than either had known. Mr. Quirk had come to ask their permission of the Delands, and the request was granted.

Today, on a slight knoll in the northeast corner of what once was the Deland farm, stones covered with moss and lichens mark these two graves. Several members of the Deland family rest close by. Copple Crown is theirs, and save for the occasional climber or party of climbers, most of whom circumvent the cemetery, the hill is theirs alone. A carefully built

wall surrounds the burial plot, and sad-voiced pines keep the too-hot sun from the graves. Myrtle and checkerberry are rampant there, and the butterfly, symbol of immortality, delights to hover close by. Perhaps, too, in the midnight hours, which is the spirits' noon, Sam and Margaret climb together the heights of Copple Crown, where Sam receives her answering "Yes!". I hope so—else is our Requiescat impious mockery indeed.

HOW THE MOUNTAINS WERE NAMED

(*For the "Backroaders"*)

Winnipesaukee, Connecticut, Ossipee, Pemigewasset, Ammonoosuc, Merrimack, Sunapee; largely in water are the Indian names preserved in New Hampshire; names that the Indian gave to those lakes, where his strangely built weirs gave him food; to rivers along whose banks he found otter and beaver for furs, or at whose water holes he found the game with which he supplemented his diet of fish. Other than in these lakes and rivers the Indian names for the physical features of this region have disappeared almost as completely as the Pigwackets and the Abnakis and Kennebecs themselves. To be sure, certain of their chiefs and sachems are commemorated in the names of peaks, particularly those in the Sandwich Range, where Chocorua and Passaconaway and Paugus and Wonnalancet raise their proud heads above the highway that skirts them, intimating to the traveller as he passes a little of the more rugged and more grim splendor that awaits him further north. But if these are Indian names, they were given to the peaks by the settlers in the Albany wilderness; Chocorua, to memorialize the death near its peak of the Indian for whom it is named; Paugus, Passaconaway, and Wonnalancet, presumably because, being so closely

associated they naturally suggested in their relationships to each other the relationships of the three sachems whose names they bear. It is interesting, incidentally that Passaconaway, when his turn of leading the Pennacook Confederation was finished, was carried in a sleigh drawn by wolves, to the top of what later was to be called Mount Washington, and there lifted up to Heaven in a chariot of fire, a curious Indian parallel of the great Hebraic prophet, Elijah.

But Indian names disappeared rapidly in the early days of opening up the northern countries. *Singrawack,* "The Foaming Stream of the White Rock," became Israel's River, named for one Israel Glines, a mighty hunter and trapper of the region. *Asquamchemauke* was foreshortened into the Squam Lake of the modern map, and no less a person than Timothy Dwight, an early President of Yale College, would have called Winnipesaukee Lake Wentworth!

Agiocochook, or *Agiochook,* roughly translated into English as "The Place of the Storm Spirit," was the Indian name for the present Presidential Range, although certain poets have limited it to the present Mount Washington alone. Except for one very crude map of the mountain region, drawn early in the eighteenth century, this name was transmitted largely by tradition, and its spelling was made to vary with the ideas of spelling Indian words

possessed by the various writers of the oral traditions. Since its apotheosis from Agiocochook to Mount Washington came, probably, early in Washington's first term as President, the Indian name is found only in the early works on the White Hills, or in the prefaces to the later ones. The exact date of the naming of this highest peak in New England is not known. Jeremy Belknap, in his History of New Hampshire, dated 1792, mentions it. One author credits him with being a member of a party that in July, 1784, went into the White Mountains and named it, using as his authority the fact that in the Rev. Manasseh Cutler's papers, dated 1784, the mountain is so called, but Dr. Belknap's Journal of his Tour, a copy of which, published in 1874, I have, makes no mention of this event, and I am inclined to believe that the peak was named subsequent to that trip of Cutler and Belknap, and by a person still undiscovered by the many who have written about the White Hills.

There is no doubt, however, about the naming of the other peaks in the Presidential Range, for Lucy Crawford tells the story of that event in her History of the White Mountains. It is interesting to note that of the members of the party who named the peaks, a party consisting of Adino N. Bracket, John W. Weeks, General John Wilson, Charles J. Stuart, Noyes S. Dennison, and Samuel A. Pear-

son, all of Lancaster, and Philip Carrigain, of Concord, a former Secretary of State for New Hampshire, only Carrigain contributed anything beyond participation in the christening party to the memorabilia of the White Hills. He published in 1816, in Concord, a Map of New Hampshire, and is himself commemorated by Mount Carrigain, near Livermore. It is not unreasonable to presume that Carrigain was himself the instigator of this trip. His map merely calls the Presidential Range "The White Hills," while individual peaks elsewhere are called by names where names had been given. It seems likely that, having pondered the lack of names in the highest range, he assembled these other gentlemen in 1820 and, interesting them in an expedition to the summit of Washington, by way of Ethan Allen Crawford's establishment in the Notch, prevailed upon Old Ethan to be the party's guide. Crawford's account, dictated to his wife, is straightforward reporting. It is quoted from Lucy Crawford's book exactly as it was printed in 1846:

"This summer (1820) there came a considerable large party of distinguished characters, such as the author of the New Hampshire Map, &, &, to my house, about noon, to ascend the mountains and give names to such peaks as were unnamed, and after a dinner of trout, they set out, taking me for a guide and baggage-carrier.

We rode to the Notch, and there I was loaded equal to a pack horse, with cloaks and the necessary articles for two nights, with a plenty of what some call 'Black Betts' or 'O be joyful,' as it was the fashion in those days, to make use of this kind of stuff, and especially upon such occasions. We travelled on until we reach the camp, about three miles from the road, then I struck up a fire, cut wood, and prepared our usual supper, spread our blankets, brought for that purpose and after some interesting stories told by the party, I believe we all fell asleep. In the morning, after breakfast, we started on our intended expedition, taking only provisions enough for the day, and a sufficient quantity of 'O be joyful,' and set out and went over several hills, and came to a beautiful pond of clear water, distant one mile from the apex of the hill. Here we made a stop for some time, enjoying the water, which was delicious, and then we went on to the summit of Mount Washington. There they gave names to several peaks, and then drank healths to them in honor of the great men whose names they bore, and gave toasts to them; and after they had all got through they put it upon me to do the same; but as this was a new thing to me, and not being prepared, I could only express my feelings by saying I hoped all of us might have good success and return to our respective families in safety, and find them in health; which was answered by a cheer from

all, as they cheered at other times before, when anyone had drank a toast. The day was fine, and our feelings seemed to correspond with the beauties of the day, and after some hours had swiftly passed away in this manner we concluded to leave this grand and magnificent place and return to a lower situation on earth. We then left the hill, and came down to the before mentioned pond. Here we staid a long time partaking of its waters, until some of us became quite blue, and from this circumstance we agreed to give it the name of Blue Pond, and at a rather late hour we left it and proceeded toward the camp, but did not arrive there until nine o'clock in the evening. This water so much troubled one of our party, or the elevated situation, on which we travelled, fatigue, or some other cause had such an effect upon him that he could not get along without my assistance; and he being a man of two hundred weight caused me to make use of all my strength at times. I however, managed to get down at last, and when I did I was so tired, I prostrated myself upon the ground and told them that I could do no more that night—they must look out for themselves, for I was tired to the very bone. They cut some wood and did the best they could that night, and in the morning sleep had again restored us, so that after taking some more refreshment, we started for home, where we all arrived in safety, and in good spirits.

Here we with pleasure recalled the proceedings of the previous day, and partaking of another dinner, most of them returned to their places of residence the same day."

Thus accounted for are the names of several of the Presidential Peaks, Madison, Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe, and, in 1820, that completed the cycle of Presidents. Franklin likewise was named at this time, doubtless because they thought he should have been president, and then, inspired perhaps by their own feelings after so many toasts to the great men and high mountains, they bestowed the unimaginative name of Mount Pleasant on the peak next beyond Franklin to the south. Clinton, Jackson, and Webster are names of a later vintage; Jackson by William Oakes at the time he named Mount Clay. Oakes himself is perpetuated by Oakes' Gulf to the east from Mount Pleasant and Franklin.

There is a story of a name that failed to stick that belongs in this paper, although the point it concerns is remote from the Presidential Range. It is said that Francis Whitcomb and Luke Brooks, two men who were, in 1805, working on the road through Franconia Notch, happened to go off the road to Ferrin's Pond to wash their hands, and looking upward, became the first white men to see the Great Stone Face. One of them, pointing out the profile to the other remarked, "That is Jefferson." Happily, either because his companion was a Federalist,

or through some other cause, the name did not stand, and we have today simply the Old Man of the Mountain, or the Great Stone Face, instead of Jefferson, in Franconia. Perhaps if Whitcomb and Brooks had been supplied with "O be joyful" a christening, in the manner of the Carrigain party would have perpetuated the great democrat's name above Ferrin's Pond. Would we then have had Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face" and Edward Roth's "Christus Judex"? I wonder.

GREAT OAKES

(*For Robert F. Beach*)

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men," sang Bobby Burns, "gang aft a-gley." Before me on my desk as I write is a copy of William Oakes' "Scenery of the White Mountains," a folio published in 1848, containing sixteen lithographs from drawings by Isaac Sprague and Gilbert Frankenstein, of scenes in the White Mountains, and a letter-press description by Oakes of each scene. Oakes apologized in his preface for what he termed the faults and deficiencies of the letter-press, by explaining that he had reserved many details for the smaller and less expensive pages of the "Book of the White Mountains," which he hoped to publish at a later date. This "Book of the White Mountains" was intended to have contained full descriptions of every interesting thing in the mountains and their vicinity, including a Flora of their alpine plants, with the mosses and lichens, and a complete guide to tourists, for even in 1848 the mountains had achieved a place as a favorite summer resort. "The Book of the White Mountains" was never published. The preface to the "Scenery" is dated from Ipswich, Massachusetts, on July 26, 1848. On July 31, five days later, Oakes, seized with faintness, fell from a ferryboat between Boston and East Boston, and drowned. So that it is as

the author of the distinguished letter-press in his "Scenery" that Oakes is remembered today by those fortunate enough to own a copy. It is a collector's item. By reason of its size, (it measures thirteen by seventeen inches) it is an awkward book to keep safely, and due to this fact, as well as to the attractiveness of its plates to antiquarians for framing, the years have wrought havoc with what probably was not originally a large edition.

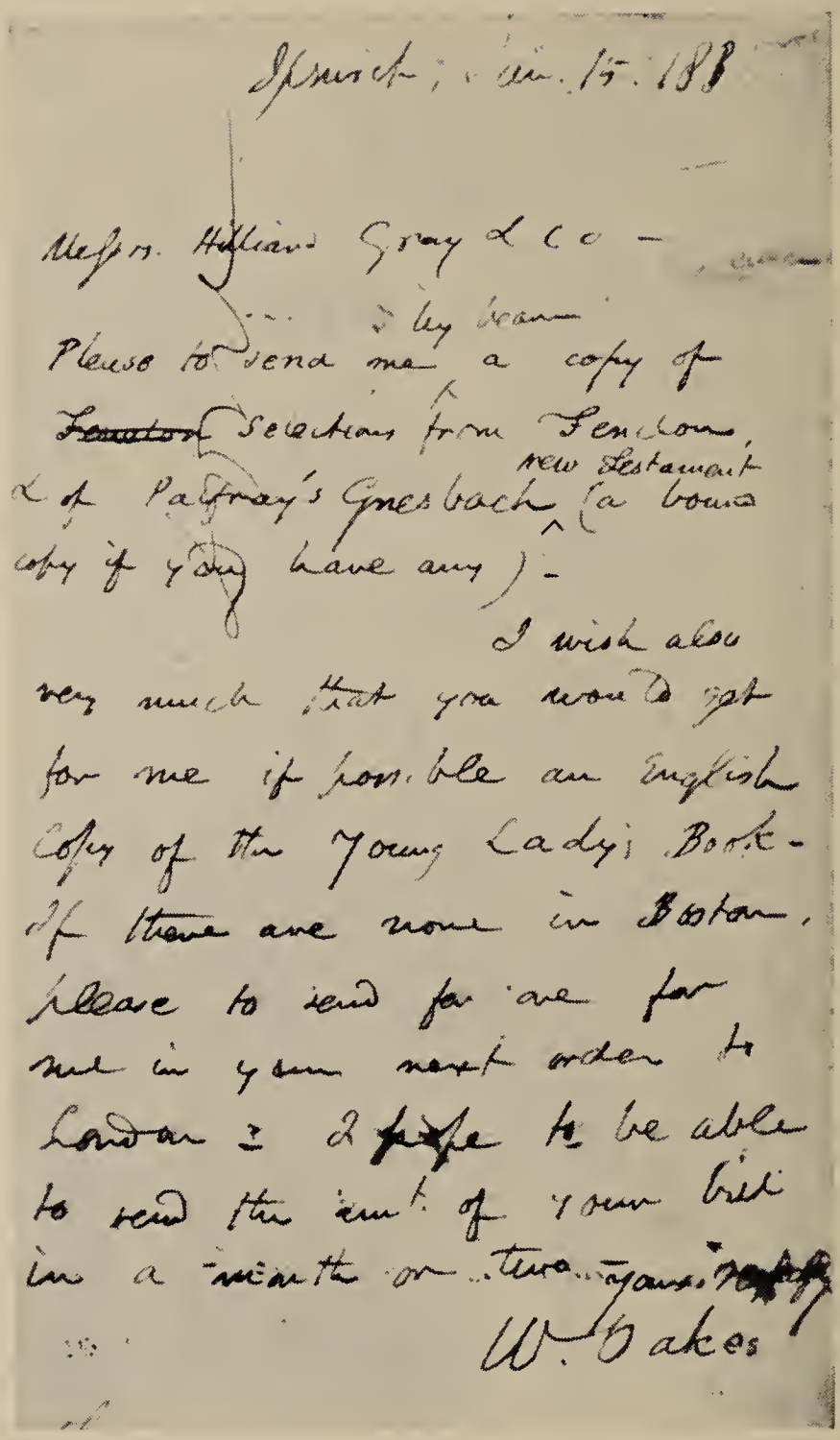
William Oakes was born in Danvers, Massachusetts, on July 1, 1799. He graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1820, and began almost immediately to collect specimens of New England flora, for his early love of botany was fostered and developed during his college course by Professor Peck, himself a botanist of note. As early as 1825, we find Oakes in the mountains gathering the mosses and lichens and other alpine plants that had been noted by Dr. Cutler in his journal of his tour in 1784. Ethan Allen Crawford mentions spending several weeks during the summer of 1825 with a botanist who came into the mountains to collect specimens. It was probably Oakes, for they were friends, as Oakes indicates in his "Scenery," and we know that he went to Crawford's with his friend Dr. Charles Pickering, of Boston, in 1825, and was so successful that he returned in 1826, and again in 1843 when the mountains became a habit, for he made annual

trips from 1843 until his death. It was on one of his early trips that he named Mount Clay and Mount Jackson in the Presidential Range.

Asa Gray, whose text-books on botany are standard today inspite of their having been written largely, prior to the War Between the States, said of Oakes in a memorial sketch, published in 1849, that he was the most distinguished botanist in New England. Yet he is today virtually a forgotten man, and except for slight mention in two or three White Mountain books, notably in Frederick W. Kilbourne's "Chronicles of the White Mountains," I have been unable to locate any information about the man. His explorations in the mountains in search of the alpine flora which abound there preceded the more important contributions to the understanding of mountain plants of Gray and Tuckerman. His proposed "Book of the White Mountains" would have been a desirable item in New Hampshire literature even today, for its announced scope showed that he planned a definitive account, not only of the flora, but of the legends, and whatever else in those days would have attracted visitors to the region.

I have tried to revivify the man from a letter which I have from him to Messers Hilliard and Gray, Booksellers, of Boston. Dated from Ipswich, January 15, 1831, it reads:

"Please to send me by bearer a copy of Selections from Fénelon, and of Palfrey's Gries-



Ipswich, Jan. 15. 1831

Messrs. Hilliard Gray & Co —

Please to send me by Beam a copy of ~~Fenelon~~ Selections from Fenelon, & of Palfrey's Gnesbach New Testament (a bound copy if you have any) —

I wish also very much that you would get for me if possible an English Copy of the Young Lady's Book — If there are none in Boston, please to send for one for me in your next order to London: & I hope to be able to send the amt. of your bill in a month or two — yours respectfully

W. Oakes

A LETTER FROM WILLIAM OAKES, 1831

I have been trying to revivify the man from his letter. Here is a scientist interested in the Scriptures, and a reader of Fenelon.

bach New Testament (a bound copy if you have any)—

I wish also very much that you would get for me if possible an English copy of the Young Lady's Book. If there are none in Boston please to send for one for me in your next order to London. I hope to be able to send the amount of your bill in a month or two.

Yours respectfully,
W. Oakes"

One wonders what selections from Fénelon were included in the book that Hilliard and Gray sent to him. Was "Telemaque" there, that remarkably adroit outline of a Utopia? Did it include the famous letter to the French Academy? Or the Dialogs of the Dead? Or perhaps, since he sought also an English copy of the Young Lady's Book, he hoped to find in the Fénelon selections from the Treatise on the Education of Young Girls. And Griesbach's New Testament. Here is a scientist examining the Scripture. To be sure Darwin had not yet thrown the world into discord with his inquiry into the origin of species, and in 1831 the scientist was not as remote from the Scripture as we in 1935 are prone to place him. Certainly William Oakes intended getting the best information he could find, for Griesbach, already many years dead, was still recognized as an authority, and John G. Palfrey, who edited

the book, was at the time a Professor of Theology in Harvard, and minister of the Brattle Square Unitarian Church, in Boston.

When the waters of Boston Harbor closed over William Oakes they closed the career of a promising man whose work, had he been spared, might have been of enormous importance to Oakes himself. We would not then have had to depend on the too brief notices he has received thus far, nor on the excessively rare "Scenery of the White Mountains" to understand his genius. There would have been mention of him in the dozen or more encyclopedias that lack such mention now. And more of his letters would have come down to us. We would have had first hand knowledge of the forests before they became lumber stands, and of the hills when Ethan Crawford was the ablest guide to their summits. Perhaps though, he might have given another's name to Oakes Gulf, and I am sure we would have had to pay more for his letters.

THE GRUNTER

(*For Col. F. W. Prindle*)

There comes to me each week from Wolfeboro, *The Granite State News,* Wolfeboro's weekly newspaper. Affectionately called "The Grunter," (and where but in New England would a newspaper be affectionately so called?), this eight page paper has lived through the vicissitudes of seventy-five years, filling an important place in the affairs of Carroll County. It forms at once the permanent resident's contact with his friends in the neighboring towns of the county, and the summer resident's clew to what his friends in New Hampshire are doing during the months he is away from the Lake Region. There is probably more delight in its pages for those of us who have foresworn the more trying journalism of metropolitan areas, than for its subscribers in Carroll County. They who must follow closely the feverish tempo of our complex civilization, with its orgies of spending, its crime waves, and its monkey statesmanship, would be bored at the endless reports from the small town correspondents that Mrs. A spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. B; or that Mr. C is having his backhouse painted; or that Mr. D slaughtered a beef creature on Thursday.

Beef creature! The whole paper is written in the New Hampshire idiom. Here is none of

the measured phrase your modern writer, above ordinary men, even in journalism, leans heavily on his pencil to perfect. At some time since the King James Bible, and before the Forsyte Saga, our rural New Hampshire English seems to have lingered, and the phrase is sweet, like those old Pound Sweets I remember and cannot readily find today. Picture, for example, "Albert and Hosea Berry, saturated with enthusiasm." Find that for me in the *Times*. Or "shoats," or "tippets." How many who read the *Transcript* would understand without recourse to the nearest Webster? And one suspects that Mr. D, who did the slaughtering accused the correspondent of going high hat. I am sure that in reporting the affair Mr. D said "beef critter."

The Granite State News was founded in 1860 by James R. Newell, then not arrived at his majority. With an earnestness that has characterized his successors to the paper equally with himself, he announced in the first issue, on November 1, a policy that today guides the staff. "It will be the policy of the Publisher to make the *News* a family paper—one which will be entertaining to all. We shall devote particular attention to the collection and publication of items of local news, in order that persons who formerly resided in this vicinity, and who have moved to other places, may, by subscribing to the *News*, be kept informed of

everything of interest that transpires in the neighborhood of their former homes." Later in his introduction he modestly announced the subscription at one dollar per year in advance, or a dollar and a quarter if paid within the year. I do not suppose that any Hearst-like fortunes have accrued to any of the owners of the *News*; neither have I heard that the paper has ever been edited from the poorhouse. And even in these days its subscription rate is only a dollar and a half per year.

Newell's first issue, a six column paper was printed on a second hand press, fifty years old in 1860. But Newell did not remain in Wolfeboro during those stirring days to conduct his paper. Rather he turned it over to a friend, and marched away in 1861, to rise through the ranks from sergeant to major. It is a matter of pride to the paper and to local orators that Major Newell's life was saved through his intimate knowledge of a printing press. It is quite an exciting story, and I am indebted to Mrs. Gertrude Hamm, of the *News* Staff for it:

"Major Newell, after important and gallant service with the 'Swamp Angel,' had been wounded and captured, and imprisoned without food or medical care, on the second floor of a rattletrap building, where he found under a pile of straw, parts of a wornout printing press. Knowing how to dissect the machine, he found a bar that would reach across the window cas-

ing, and in some manner came into possession of a piece of rope, hardly long enough or strong enough, but it had to do. He tied the rope to the bar, and timed the sentries who were marching about the building. They met at the corner nearest his window, and again at the corner farthest away. Their absence was so short that it would have been difficult for even a strong man to make his escape, and Major Newell was weak from loss of blood and lack of food. In fact, having eaten some mouldy corn, he was in worse condition than had he eaten nothing. The moment the sentries were out of sight he let himself out of the window, dropped to the ground, and ran. Of course, the hanging rope was quickly discovered, the alarm given, and pursuit begun. As he could not run, he crawled under a pile of brush and lay face downward, while the southern soldiers covered, as they supposed, every inch of ground, thrusting viciously with their bayonets. One thrust passed between his arm and body. When the enemy finally abandoned search, Major Newell made his way to the river and swam out to a boat, which he barely reached. His sense of duty," Mrs. Hamm adds, "was still strong enough to keep him from losing consciousness, until he had told what he ought to tell, then he let himself go, expecting, and expected, to die then and there."

The march of time has been rapid enough to

require the acquisition of modern equipment and an expansion into eight pages of seven columns, with local features, and a very minimum of the canned material that so often makes up the most of a country newspaper. This minimum use of syndicated mats is a source of pride to the editor and publisher of the paper, and occurs, usually only as filler in odd places at the bottoms of columns, or when either the machines or their operators are temporarily disabled.

Thomas Dreier, the genial philosopher-publicist of "Sunny Meadows" in Melvin Village, is a contributor, with his "Sunny Meadows Farm Philosophy," a delightful, chatty column on New Hampshire subjects, syndicated locally to a dozen or more state papers. H. C. Pearson writes weekly a Concord News Letter, from the state house where he is the Governor's secretary. For rural New Hampshire takes its politics seriously, and left somewhat in the cold for its loyalty to an ideal, the state news is more essential and closer to its heart during these years of alphabetical statesmanship, than the specious bulletins on the state of the nation that would come to the *News* were it possessed of a news service franchise.

There is, too, a unique column in the *News* to which we faithful turn first. Called facetiously "Goose Quills," and written by "THE GOOSE," here truly is rural journalism at its

best. There is a part of Wolfeboro that, from the disappearance somewhere in its confines of a flock of geese, is called Goose Corner, and it is from Goose Corner that Mrs. Alvin Hatch writes readably of cats and dogs, radio advertising and "damhens." One acquainted with her only through her writings, will guess her categorical denial that pleasure still is to be found in an old fashioned sleigh ride to be merely an assumed shrewness. Her denunciation of radio advertising should have been hand-billed in front of every broadcasting station in America. Each week, after casually reporting the exoteric happenings at Goose Corner in a few well chosen sentences, she concludes her column with a pithy bit of native philosophy about the subject nearest her heart as she writes. Any week it is quotable, and, for convenience, since the *News* has just arrived, I quote the current column:

"Humor lurks in unexpected places. The other day the Goose's attention was called to a romantic story about New Hampshire. Sure enough the book was quite charming. The author was properly enthusiastic about the joys of living in a small New Hampshire community, properly appreciative of rural privileges. But what moved the Gooses to derisive laughter was the naive assumption that living on a farm costs nothing. The apples, the potatoes, the garden sass, that lone female harvested with apparently nothing out for plowing, harrowing,

fertilizing, spraying! The cow which supplied the neighbors with milk, cream and butter with no time off, and no fuel under her boiler, the chickens obligingly appearing fat and glorified on holiday occasions, when they weren't busy producing eggs, the wood which somehow stacked itself up in the shed and furnished prodigious cavernous fireplaces, did the author grin, her tongue neatly parked in her cheek, or was she plain dumb? To be sure, paper cows and apples involve little expenditure, but to be properly realistic shouldn't we play they did? There is always the unhappy possibility that uninformed folks may branch out in the peculiarly senseless undertaking of living on a 'little place with a cow and a few chickens' without the wherewithal. Just the same, the Gooses laughed high, wide, handsome, and hilarious."

And "Step Child," a summer resident, writes an occasional paper during the winter from New York, on whatever whimsical subject she may choose. In the summer she busies herself almost daily about the *News* office, or dashes about the countryside, interviewing older residents, and obtaining action pictures of forest fires. These are features which have raised the *News* to a point of distinction among rural papers in New England.

There are, too, irregular features for which we who read the *News* have learned to watch. Not infrequently a citizen will appear at the

News office with a delightfully written reminiscence of some almost forgotten event, and then, for a brief period it lives again, perhaps to go into my cavernous files, later to emerge as the source of a paper on the same subject. For we who love this region are dependent on the memories of the older inhabitants for information. We are the only people, save the Jews, who have written their own history. Since America was first founded, diarists and historians have preserved the little happenings, that more than wars, and floods, and catastrophes, mean so much to those of us who love the legends and traditions they wrote down. For a time that valuable habit was lost, and it is now on the memories of the old inhabitants, and their too fugitive writings, that we are dependent for much of what happened in the later 1800's.

I have been hoping, for example, that one day there will be written an accurate description of the race between the "Lady of the Lake" and the "Mount Washington" that ended so disastrously for the Lady and gave the Mount undisputed supremacy on Winnipesaukee, a supremacy that even today, more than fifty years after her building, remains unchallenged.

I am told that the *News* would not have carried it at the time, for in those days the circulation of the paper was strictly local, and its purpose to inform Wolfeboro people of outside events, rather than people outside Wolfeboro

of local events as in these days. Daily or weekly papers were few, and the *News* reprinted the most stirring extracts from the national news from these papers, frequently emphasizing morbid and supernatural items. Then a group of people, men only, met around the red-hot, pot-bellied stove and its inevitable accompanying box of sawdust, in the general store and postoffice, where the most pleasing reader, or the only one who had sufficient education to read, read the news to the rest of the crowd. The remainder of the reading consisted of stories in which women were represented as brainless and worthless, yet paradoxically entitled to the most divine chivalry of manhood; also sermons, and quotations from the classics which did not then abound by the hundred in a well-stocked public library.

Mrs. Hamm assures me that, "Had the *News* wasted space on this local race, the editor would have been showered with complaint. 'What in tunket did you print that for? We know all about that. Them as didn't see it themselves heard all about it as far back as last Monday. What we pay you for is NEWS, by mighty!' "

And that, incidentally, is New Hampshire idiom!

In Old England, The Thunderer, *The London Times,* is unfolded at breakfast tables, and state affairs become the property of the man in

the street through its columns. In New England, The Grunter, *The Granite State News*, arrives on Fridays to bring less important, and more vital news into the bungalows and farmhouses of the Lake Region—news that welds a people in a common support of or aggression toward the town budget. There is more than an ocean separating *The Times* and *The News*, but there is no measurement of the place the weekly fills in the life of the community it serves. Whatever would we do without it?

IN THE ATTIC

(*For Wesley Lane Rowe*)

I like attics.

My mind goes back often now-a-days to the attic in the house we lived in when I was a boy. It was a small affair, unfloored save for one little portion, not over eight feet square, toward which the roof slipped down so precipitously that from about my seventh birthday, when I first was permitted to make the sharp ascent on the ladder to this place, I was not able to stand upright on the floor unless the skylight were opened. But it was a glory hole for me. From behind shutters at its narrow window I could watch the intimate family life of a pair of robins that year after year built their nest and raised two broods in the old horse-chestnut tree, less than an arm's length from my cover. Here, too, on a rainy day, I would repair, just to sit and listen to that tattoo on the roof, sometimes with a book, sometimes not even to think, but only to sit and listen. If my memory is correct, my copy of Ralph Waldo Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" may still be in that attic space.

As I grew older, and life became more exciting, I remember that I conducted certain first experiments in my attic perch. Here I smoked my first pipe. Here, too, from a first high school chemistry book, long before I was ready

for high school, I discovered the magic formula of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, and conducted, not without some small success, my first experiments in the field of explosives. I can remember to this day, and occasionally still get a hearty laugh from the remembering, one eminently satisfactory experiment with gunpowder, completed about the 2nd of July, that we used in a small cannon designed originally as a salute gun, we were permitted to borrow from a canoe club on the river bank half a mile away. The cannon was a fine replica of a, if not Civil, certainly not more modern than Spanish, War piece, made of bronze, mounted on wheels, and drilled to take a fairly large bore shotgun shell. At the breech end it was necessary to drill a small hole through which to admit the fuse into the powder, which like Molly Stark at Bennington, we rammed home hard. Into the bore, on top of the powder, we plugged cardboard, newspaper, cloth even—anything which would wad and in its exit give us the noise we sought. Loaded, we primed the gun, lighted the fuse, and waited, a split second. Our knowledge of explosives did not include a knowledge either of smokeless powder or of recoil in firing, with the result that when the smoke had cleared away, and our ears had ceased to ring, we were obliged to look somewhat afield for the cannon. Its wheels had been oiled heavily against the rust-forming atmosphere of the canoe club, and it

had travelled, as I recall it now, nearly seven hundred feet from the firing point on the recoil. That episode ended my attic experimentation in the sciences, and I never afterward got around to continuing them in a better equipped laboratory.

I still like attics. A friend was telling me only today of having gone recently into an attic in a small town close by and finding untold wealth in old books and letters and prints, long since forgotten. In an old bureau drawer was a white satin wedding gown, yellow now, a gentle, cream-yellow, from age, priceless in memory. And, while we talked he called up to his daughter to put it on and come down. The startling effect of her dark hair, arranged in curls, and dark eyes, sparkling with beauty, was beyond description. It was as though the doors of time, long closed, had suddenly been swung on their rusty hinges to admit us miles and years away, into a never-never land where one wanted to say Thee, and Thou, and Thine.

I made recently a hurried, one-day trip to New York City and a small town in New Jersey. It is, I suppose, part of the game that a trip to New York should be hurried—for New York is the incubator of rush. But I took time, after my return to the city from New Jersey, to visit the Antiques Show, where, among all the monuments to speed, were being shown the things that through slower years have acquired

high worth because of the care and patience of the people for whom originally they were made or into whose hands they subsequently came. Here in this show, almost national in scope, one exhibit more than the others interested me. For here, in a corner of one of the most elegant ballrooms of the city, a lady and her daughter, dressed simply in New England costumes of an early day, were spinning flax and weaving the thread into fine linen towels and scarves and counterpanes on spinning-wheels and looms more than a hundred years old. More than that—the very flax they were spinning was more than a hundred years old. Found in old attics, in chests and bureaus and paper bags, in New York and Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, where careful husbandry had placed it long ago, it had at last been retrieved, and careful hands of today were spinning and weaving it into linens whose warp is care and whose woof, mellow beauty. The weaver told me, in answer to my astonished questioning, when I heard the age of the flax and the wheels and the looms, that, because she has not yet learned how the early New England women bleached their linens, her only bleaching processes consist of sour milk and sunshine. I do not know the proportions of either.

I know of an attic on Long Island in Winnipesaukee where there is a loom. There are

probably countless others close by, and spinning wheels and reels and hatchels and even, in the chests and bureaus that grandmothers years ago put up there, flax. What fun it would be to discover them all, even if in the discovery there would be no chance to claim them for one's self. Nor, perhaps, are they all in attics. There came to me the other day out of New Hampshire the delightful story of a bachelor who hired a housekeeper. Believing, of course, as a woman will, that house keeping implies keeping it tidy, she removed a pair of stockings, quite dried, from the drying-rack over the stove. When the bachelor noticed they had been put away, he inquired, and ordered them returned with the explanation that his mother had put them there, probably more than forty years before.

One rightfully might expect the flax in that household to be where his mother kept it, close by, ready for use. And one is not surprised to hear that the mellow old, hand-made, pumpkin-pine sugar firkins were still in the attic. My good friend, who knew many happy childhood hours poking about in those firkins for fugitive lumps, tiny though they may have been, remembers that attic as I remember mine. Now, I would exchange them, for gradually there is growing in me a longing to be once again young enough to find adventure under the rafters and a roof-tree. When I find an attic

which will be open to me I shall do so, even at my age. Perhaps, as to a friend of mine who found a deserted farm in the woods near a small New Hampshire town, one day opportunity will come to me. Because he liked the place, in spite of its lack of sills and doors and its wealth of weeds and brush, he made inquiry in the neighborhood as to where he might find the owner. "Hell," the farmer said, "there ain't no owner as I know on, and I been here nigh on to forty yearn." So my friend went back and looked about. In the attic he found a fine old four-poster bed with a rope "spring," two spinning wheels, a churn, and several fine old Stoddard bottles. He later was able to find the owners of the property, and he bought the farm, restored its house and barn, and now tempts me to visit him there. When I do I shall go up into the attic.

LONG ISLAND FOLKS

(*For My Mother*)

Long Island, now, is essentially an island of woods. The island road, from the bridge at Moultonboro Neck to the Greene house at its southern end, winds beneath beautiful beeches and birches and oaks and pines—and skirts, during its three or four miles, but few cleared acres. These are the farms that once were among the most productive in New Hampshire. But times change, and the farms today, where planting is done at all, are only subsistence farms. Even these are for the benefit, largely, of those who, like myself, are summer visitors, and the old farmhouses, or the sites of those that have gone with the years, echo each summer with the laughter of extra-state visitors, some of whom are enjoying Winnipesaukee for the first time; others, who have been lured there year after year by her charms. It is not to the road and the cleared acres that my mind turns when I think of Long Island. Rather it is to the magnificent woods, first growth timber largely, with a wildness that I enjoy, the sort of wildness that from being a city dweller fifty weeks in the year I find a bit eerie when, just at dusk, an owl, stirring in a tree for his night's rounds, demands "Whoo-oo-oo?" Or when the inimitable shriek of the loon sounds in the cove close at hand. Here, too, the drumming

of the woodcock, or the sudden snapping of twigs under the feet of a young deer impress the uninitiated with a new sense of the values of things, and the primitive things, if one is of that sort, become the first things—things that through a winter's waiting for his holiday, will bring him back again, holding out, so to speak, like Oliver Twist, his bowl for more.

Such should be the reaction from any holiday worth having. I know two men, brothers, whose annual holiday, usually of two weeks' duration, consists of getting into an automobile and driving four thousand miles in the two weeks, coming home more in need of the vacation than when they set out. On the other hand, I know two men, brothers also, who spent a like length of time on Lake Sunapee, fishing every day, and only fishing. From their tent to their boat, day after day, for two weeks, without asking a question as to who lived here, or there, and already proposing that next year they try Squam because the fishing is better.

I fished, too, at Winnipesaukee. At least, I rowed about four miles into the lake and sat there with a line overboard while the fish enjoyed the frogs' legs and the hellgrammites and the crawfish I had placed on my hook. But I am going back to Long Island because there is a piece of rock in the driveway that I suspect was brought down by the glacier from the Laurentian Mountains. I couldn't break it with

my sledgehammer last year, and I want to try it again this year. I am going back because we found three queer lizards in the punky wood of an old oak stump, and I want to look around for more, and for more kinds. There is an eagle there I want to see again, and I have two large bottles that I want to plant with checkerberry and rattlesnake plantain and partridge berry and princes' pine and moss—my New Hampshire in New Haven.

And, more than all of these, I want to meet the folks. Long Island folks of the '30's and the '50's and the '80's and the early 1900's—those people who built the first houses on the island. They will not be on the road, unless at dusk I shall find them there, but I know that even at high noon I'll see them in the woods. I have met them this winter—in a general way—and now I want to know them better. Uriah, for example, I know will not be in the road—he must have taken to the woods during the summer boarder era, and I feel very certain that that Virginia car speeding down the road to Harry Brown's hotel did not encourage his emergence. Uriah was not the sort to take a chance.

There is a story of Uriah that I like. And I think, in spite of the story, that I would enjoy him, for there is a touch of something very fundamental in it. Uriah, it seems, owned a farm halfway down the island road—a good farm,

with high ground commanding a splendid view of the lake, and the Ossipees to the northeast. Doctor Smith, looking for a small farm for himself, persuaded Uriah to sell a few acres from his farm, and, agreed on price and terms, the doctor gave Uriah his cheque. A winter passed, and when, in the spring the good doctor arrived to superintend the building of his own farmhouse, Uriah approached him and inquired whether he would be able during the next month to pay the note he had given for the land. "Note!" exclaimed the doctor, "why you—" and I am informed that a cavalry sergeant would have blushed. "That was no note, that was a cheque! And you had better get it into a bank soon or there will be no money left to pay it with." The cheque went into Laconia that morning, and it may have been to make up the lost interest that Uriah took to selling worms for fishing to the summer boarders at Island Home, at the rate of two for one cent, the fisherman to do his own digging—and Uriah to count.

The tall, lean man, bronzed with summer sun and winter wind, with one brown eye and one blue, and a kindly light in both, though one is glass, I shall meet in my woods, carrying a gun, will be Robert Lamprey—less a farmer than a hunter, in spite of his prize corn. For with nine* children to feed he must often take to the

**I may have underestimated Robert. One of his nieces this summer mentioned his twenty-one children. E. P. C.*

woods, or to the lake. Robert seems to have had a rare sense of fun, shrewd Yankee fun, wholesome and hearty. Bald as a ball, he wears his wig—his new black one. And even the glass eye laughs as he tells of the sale of his old brown one to Sam Jones. It would not fit Sam as it should, and with a native thrift, rather than admit he had been bested, Sam wore that wig for years, tied to his head with a starched brown shoestring which passed beneath his chin, ludicrous in the sharp contrast it made with his white beard.

And if I meet a lady in the woods it will probably be Arvilla Lamprey, Robert's sister-in-law, the lady who on August 1, 1872, wrote from Long Island the letter to her daughter I have on my desk before me. "Our folks," she writes, "commenced haying yesterday. Horace and Willie and John Hayes are helping them. Horace has done his haying, all but his meadow. Ben helped him."

She goes on "I will now give a history of my journey home. After leaving you at the Depot at North Reading I got to South Lawrence all right. Stopped there till twenty minutes past one and then took the train to Dover. I asked the conductor if I should have to change cars between there and Alton Bay and he said no, if I would take the back car of all, which I did when I got to Exeter and that carried me to Alton Bay. I then took the Mount Washing-

ton and expected to get home soon, but when we got to Wolfeboro we found that the Lady (The Lady of the Lake, another steamer) had left a large party in the forenoon and had promised to come and get them at three o'clock but did not come, and so the Mount Washington took them to the Weirs and by that means didn't go up in this broad (to the west of Long Island) but said I could come down in the morning with them and they would whistle for some one to come after me. I got into Center Harbor to Lettice's (her sister-in-law) about dark. I thought it would be wet getting out into the little boat the next morning because it looked like rain, and so about seven o'clock I started out and went down to Horace's afoot." (Five miles from Center Harbor to her son's home on Moultonboro Neck.)

These, then, are the folks I shall meet in the woods on Long Island. How interesting it would be to go out in the Duck Trap with Uncle Robert in that queer boat of his, piled high with brush to resemble a small wooded rock, from which he shoots duck for dinner, and loons for sport and to show his prowess. Or better yet, since some of it would taste so fine this minute, what sport it would be to watch John Brown's wife making her famous cheese. There is a Lorelei on Long Island—she is continuously combing her golden hair and singing her golden song, and I am drifting—too slowly—down the weeks to her shores.

A HINT TO VACATIONERS

(*For Cecily F. Teague*)

Writing is a difficult task in July, when across a slate roof heated by the high sun, and between tall chimneys and church spires, I can see through the heat and haze several miles to the north from my office window the outline of what in southern Connecticut pass for hills. Then it is that my thoughts stray toward Winnipesaukee, and the hills that hem it in, Belknap, Copple Crown, the "Dick"; and the hills beyond it, Chocorua, Tri-pyramid, Washington, and the others in the Presidential Range; Carter, Moriah, and alone, aloof, Cherry Mountain. Hearing, too, is almost dissipated as these peaks come into the view of my mind's eye, so that although the banging of what seem to be almost square wheels on trolley cars, the dissonant crashes of packing cases to city sidewalks from trucks that have relentlessly backfired their way to the kerb, and the furious impetuosity of automobile horns, come as stridently through the open windows they register less sharply on my ears.

For it is vacation weather, and in our busy office, when time can be spared from business for talking about something else, the subject is vacation. Writing about vacations is different from talking about them. I feel somewhat like the distinguished minister of a fashionable

church on Fifth Avenue in New York City, who, faced with the problem of choosing a subject for his sermon, considered his congregation and preached on cannibalism as least likely to offend the various elements in the audience he must face from the pulpit. Since it is probable that those whose vacation habits I am about to discuss will neither of them see this paper, and because, if it is read at all it will be read by folks who likely as not feel as I do, I am not going to be as discreet as was the minister.

I talked one day about vacations with a friend of mine, a bookseller, whose delight in his occupation is exceeded only by the greater joy he finds in roaming away from the city to deserted, overgrown roads, where he prys about, and in, abandoned houses. His adventures have taken him into most of the older parts of Connecticut, and, when his annual holiday comes he carries his prying into Vermont where the graceful, rolling, Green Mountains hide lost roads and long forgotten cellar holes. His prize souvenir of one such ramble is a Bennington foot-warmer, signed by Lyman, Fenton and Company, and dated 1849, which he found intact, even to a cork, beneath a pile of brush in an overgrown cellar hole somewhere along the road those men from New Hampshire and Maine must have taken when, as merely a Rabble in Arms, they crossed our northern New England to harass the British on Lake Cham-

plain. For that is the road, described in Kenneth Robert's book, that, having read about, he wanted to discover for himself.

There is another friend of mine who is given to travelling partly in the manner in which this bookseller travels—in which way I, too, am likely to go—along back roads, away from traffic and exhaust odors and the hot sun on paved highways. And I talked with this man one day about vacations. He drives furiously while en route, usually going about three hundred miles in one day. Our talk ended finally on New Hampshire, for here is a subject that is native when one is talking vacation. When I attempted to persuade him that by driving so far and so fast in a day he missed much, he somewhat petulantly exclaimed that there is nothing on any road in New Hampshire over which we both have travelled, that I have seen and he has not. And when we had checked our routes, and discussed the various points along each road, I was forced to agree. He has seen everything that I have seen—the sun shining on Washington's snow crown in that always surprising first glimpse of the northern peaks from North Conway; Glen Ellis Falls after a rain, with a splendid fall of water; clouds and mist and fog enveloping even the Base Station near Fabyan's, so that from the road the highest of all our mountains appears to have been removed. He knows the falls of Nancy's Brook at Nancy's

Bridge, and the majesty of the Old Man in Franconia when soft purple shadows creep at sunset across the sheerness of his profile erasing its harshness. He has been through the Flume, has spent a night at the Dolly Copp Campground, and has heard the bell on the summit of Mount Washington call the sleepers from their bunks and cots to see a rising, warming sun paint dawn on the clouds that fill Tuckerman's Ravine and the Great Gulf.

BUT—

He did not know that when Aunt Jess Guernsey discovered the Flume in 1808, and from unknown centuries before then until 1883, a large egg-shaped bowlder, about ten feet wide and twelve feet long hung suspended between its walls. Thomas Starr King, whose book, "The White Hills," despite its too flowery style must be considered the classic of this region even today, saw the bowlder in 1856 and prophesied that it must stay for centuries longer as it had stayed for centuries past, and then, on June 20th, 1883, after a cloudburst had deforested Mount Flume and stolen away its top-soil, the mad waters carrying trees and ruin in their path raced through the narrow confines of the Flume and robbed it of its most striking feature.

He had never heard of Nancy, whose tragic death near its bank led to the brook in Crawford Notch being called by her name, and at Dolly Copp Campground he had himself photo-

graphed beside the tablet which marks the spot of the Copp homestead without discovering the story of Dolly. Dolly was born in Bartlett, and married Hayes Copp, a Maine boy who had settled on this grant from the Legislature. Together they cleared the forest, built their home, shot the wolves and bears when they threatened the farm stock, and raised, between these duties, four children, three boys and a girl. After fifty years of such a life, Dolly, on her anniversary is said to have informed her husband that fifty years is too long for a woman to live with a man. So, having thus decided, she packed her trunk, went to her daughter's home in Maine, and never saw her husband again.

Nor is it especially strange to me that my friend remembers only that he was bitterly cold the entire night he slept on Mount Washington. He went to bed at eight, asked no questions of who had been up there before him, and had never heard of the amazing experience of Dr. Ball, who wandered about, lost, near the summit for three days and two nights in October, 1856, and survived the exposure, the cold, and the hunger only to die, three years later at the age of thirty-nine, of jungle fever in Panama.

So there are two ways of taking a vacation—two ways of seeing the places where that vacation is spent. On a too-short week-end vacation in New Hampshire a few weeks since, we drove seven hundred miles including the slightly

more than five hundred miles necessary to get us there and back. We saw for the first time Mount Washington "surpliced in snow," and drove through a snow storm in Pinkham Notch and a rain storm in Crawford Notch. My good friend would have done as much. But he would not have dined, as we did on the night of our arrival, with a delightful New Hampshire family, nor stopped on his way to the mountains the next day to visit a surprising couple at their farm, interrupting their work and receiving as his welcome greeting a cheerful "Oh, it's so nice to have an excuse for not working" from the lady. Nor would he after this visit have driven a mile or two off his route to spend another hour at Sunny Meadows. His day's program would not have permitted these little enjoyments. And at night, instead of returning to the town where he had spent the first night he would have been two hundred miles away, and asleep at eight preparing for a hard drive on the morrow, while we, back again in our first night's stop, were able to visit with a new friend and her daughter, to see interesting relics that probably ante-date the Indians and hear how they were found on a mountain top.

He who runs may read—but he who runs too fast loses much of the lore that gave the first beauty to the story he will read.

WINNIPESAUKEE

(*For Andrew Ljungquist*)

I stood one day in one of the sculpture galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, impressed with Rodin's startlingly beautiful "Hand of God." This lacks the immensity of "The Thinker," but there is no marble in that great gallery so profoundly conceived and so movingly executed as this, of purest white, in which the sculptor found a hand, still dripping clay from which it had modeled the finely proportioned man and woman outstretched on its palm. It seemed to me as I studied the sculpture that some divine being must have whispered to Rodin of what was within the rough block of marble; it seemed, too, that the same being must have guided the chisel in his hand as he hewed the chips away, for the piece is without a flaw, and the metamorphosis which changed the stone required of the liberator of its so finely wrought captives an even more discerning man than he who carved The Thinker.

As with every thing else in the world that has ever been exhibited, it was as interesting to sit on a bench, hidden by the pedestal on which the Hand rests, and watch the features of the people who paused for a moment or for half an hour to examine the piece. One could almost climb into each person's brain and observe the thoughts that revolved about inside. Some,

we knew instinctively, asked why Rodin called it the Hand of God; others missed the clay entirely; that tall, dark-haired girl, young enough, perhaps, in years, but whose eyes were dulled with a bored expression beyond her actual age—what was it in the marble that lighted her eyes for an instant? The kindly priest, whose graying hairs belied the youthful face—he paused longer than the rest, seeing at last his theology confirmed in perfect line; and beside him, the younger man, who bore the air of a student—likely as not a scientist who found a challenge to his amoebian theories.

And suddenly as I sat there my mind went back to an August afternoon, when, for the short half hour before milking time, I sat with a New Hampshireman on the doorstep of his farmhouse above Winnipesaukee. There is no analogy between the bench in the Metropolitan and that New Hampshire doorstep, save the one that came unbidden into my mind as I sat there watching the faces of the passersby.

First the farmer. We talked of cabbages, the splendid, firm kind that grew in even rows along the hilltop farm, and of kings, the Ossipees to the northeast and the Sandwich Mountains to the northwest. We talked of Winnipesaukee, the mists that rise above it in the morning, giving way to the blue its clear waters reflect from the sky, of the cloud formations that sail high over its surface like magic diri-

gibles from a wind-folk hidden in the nothern mountains. I do not know how many years he has farmed here, but his wife was born in this very house, and to them both there is the same delight in Winnipesaukee after all these years as there was to me after my first night spent on her shores. As we sat there talking, the steamer, Mount Washington, rounded the shoal beyond Six Mile Island and came out into the Broads as she has done all these years, and he stood up to salute her as she hove into sight. It was his signal for bringing home the cows for milking, milk, that with its heavy, golden cream we would be drinking tomorrow. No need to ask him why he returns to that island farm above the lake early in March. His every movement reflects contentment with his lot, and the quiet waters of Winnipesaukee must have given him the greater share of it.

There came to my mind too, the office worker from Connecticut whose son has grown to manhood in nearly a dozen consecutive summer vacations spent in camp on the sandy shore at Lakeport. I asked him only the other day where he was going this year, and with a smile he responded, "You know!" I know. Winnipesaukee has become home to him too, and to the six other families that gradually he has brought under its seductive charms. Now, far earlier than do the others in their place of employment, they discuss vacation dates, and bring

them into agreement, so that on the last day of July their motorcade will start simultaneously from three cities in Connecticut and end before sundown on the shore of Winnipesaukee. There they will swim, climb Belknap again, and perhaps Gunstock; drive southerly around the lake to Alton Bay where a fellow employee may be found, or northerly to my own camp, for a chat; visit with a dozen or more of the tin-can tourists who make up their neighbors for this too brief respite from the confinement of city life, and join in all the activities that the freemasonry of camp life imparts here in New Hampshire.

And the doctor; the old, genial, homeopathic, G. P., whose cures may be traced almost as readily to his kindly manner as to his 3X dilutions of the mother drug. He prefers Winnipesaukee early, and late; before the speed boats are racing up and down the stretch between Long Island and Cow, and after the first Monday in September has locked the transients in their offices again. The woods bring him here, remote, alone, away from midnight calls, from birth and death. Here, with better than sleep, he reknits the ravelled sleeve of care, and Winnipesaukee makes him whole again. Here he putters about his camp, in the early season putting up the screens and in the late taking them down again; in spring, floating his boats, filling his woodshed, replacing his native rock garden

plants with others taken from his property almost within his rock garden boundary; in fall, dry-docking his boats, and re-racking the fishing tackle that during the summer has furnished many a pleasant hour, even if not a profitable one, to the guests at his lodge.

There are the sisters on Long Island and their dear friend from Melvin Village, who have spent many summers at the Lake, and who know it when the snow flies. They remember a little red schoolhouse, now long gone; and the horseboats at Oak Landing. They know all the delightful nuances of this vast water, and love them all. The many summer suns they have seen go down behind Belknap make no difference in the pleasure they will take from the first sunset of this summer, when the lightest of breezes will disturb that path of gold from their porches to the western shore, and shatter it into a million golden sparks, as though some hidden blacksmith were hammering it on a vast and unseen anvil. Winnipesaukee holds memories for them. Long memories, and fond.

There are others, too, with whom I have talked. There is the man who today, forty years after his first seeing it, still talks of the fifteen minutes during which he saw Mount Washington from the deck of its steamer namesake. In the Notch between the Ossipee and Sandwich Ranges—so far away that even Whiteface, less than two-thirds its height,

looked the higher—even from afar Washington lost none of its majesty, and though he has seen that same marvelous view again and again in the past forty years, it is to the first time that his mind returns. It so impressed him that he climbed Mount Washington four times in a single week to see the Lake from its summit and complete the experience.

The geologist, like the young scientist before The Hand of God, will explain the years of erosion and the glacial action that carved the bowl of this lake, and the processes of hot rocks and sudden cooling that raised the hills which hem it in. The priest, seeing it through theological eyes, will call it one of the grandest gifts of God. A transient on its shores will not ask its origin; an artist will labor long to capture the subtle colors on his block. The tourist, hastening to the rugged splendors farther north may see only the Indian in Meredith harbour, or the old side-wheeler puffing along between the islands. Winnipesaukee is no more for these than was the Hand of God for many of those I saw in the Metropolitan that afternoon. But for those who love her Winnipesaukee is the source of myriad feelings—and those who know her love her.

WINNIPESAUKEE

Now Nature with a lavish hand
Has reddened maple, browned the oak,
And through the conifers a strand
Of upward curling, white, birch smoke
Beseeches us go home the while
From shore to shore of this vast lake
Snow and the cold erase the smile
Of the Great Spirit. In their wake
Shall Spring return to find the scene
We left in red and gold quite bare,
And with a spendthrift brush, in green,
She'll leave us word of being there.

And loons will shriek, and eagles soar
And herons stalk our island's shore.